

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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Made in Birmingham.

"SELECTED"	- -	Per lb. 4/-
"DESSERT"	- -	5/-
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LANGUE-DE-CHAT "DROPS"		
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PATENT CREAMS—Regd. No. 19215.		

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PURE VIRGINIA OVAL CORK TIPPED.

The SUPER CIGARETTE

20 for 1/6
Also 50's & 100's

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For Bread, Cakes, and Pastry, **BAKING POWDER** Puddings, and Pies.

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444

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Don't waste time and money experimenting with so-called "cures," but go to the nearest chemist and get a bottle of Genasprin. Allow two tablets to disintegrate in about an inch of water, then give the glass a quick swirl and drink off the contents. You will be astonished at the speedy relief obtained.

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Sirs, August 2, 1922.

"I am a great sufferer from Asthma and Neuritis, and the pain that I have experienced has been almost unbearable, but with the sample of Genasprin you sent me, and a 2/- bottle obtained from Boots, I have got more relief in a fortnight than ever I had, although I have tried scores of Liniments and Embrocations, and so-called 'Pain-Killers.' Also, I have found Genasprin to be superior to ordinary 'aspirin,' inasmuch as it causes no palpitation of the heart as an after-effect, therefore I shall continue to take Genasprin."

I remain, yours truly,
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Headache	Sciatica	Sleeplessness
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To GENATOSAN, Ltd.,

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Please send me a Free Sample of Genasprin Tablets and Explanatory Booklet. I enclose a 2d. stamp for postage.

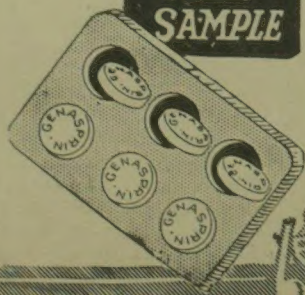
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to-day
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LACE ALPACA COAT (as sketch), made from fine quality yarn, with narrow silk stripe and edging on collar, beautifully light and warm, in a good range of this season's colours.

Price 63/-

Exceptional offer in Silk Holeproof Stockings, tisle feet and tops. In black, white, suede, mid-grey, silver, brown, nigger, tussore, putty, camel, and beaver.

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The same model trimmed with blue dyed kitt fox, 79 Gns.

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Catalogue post free.

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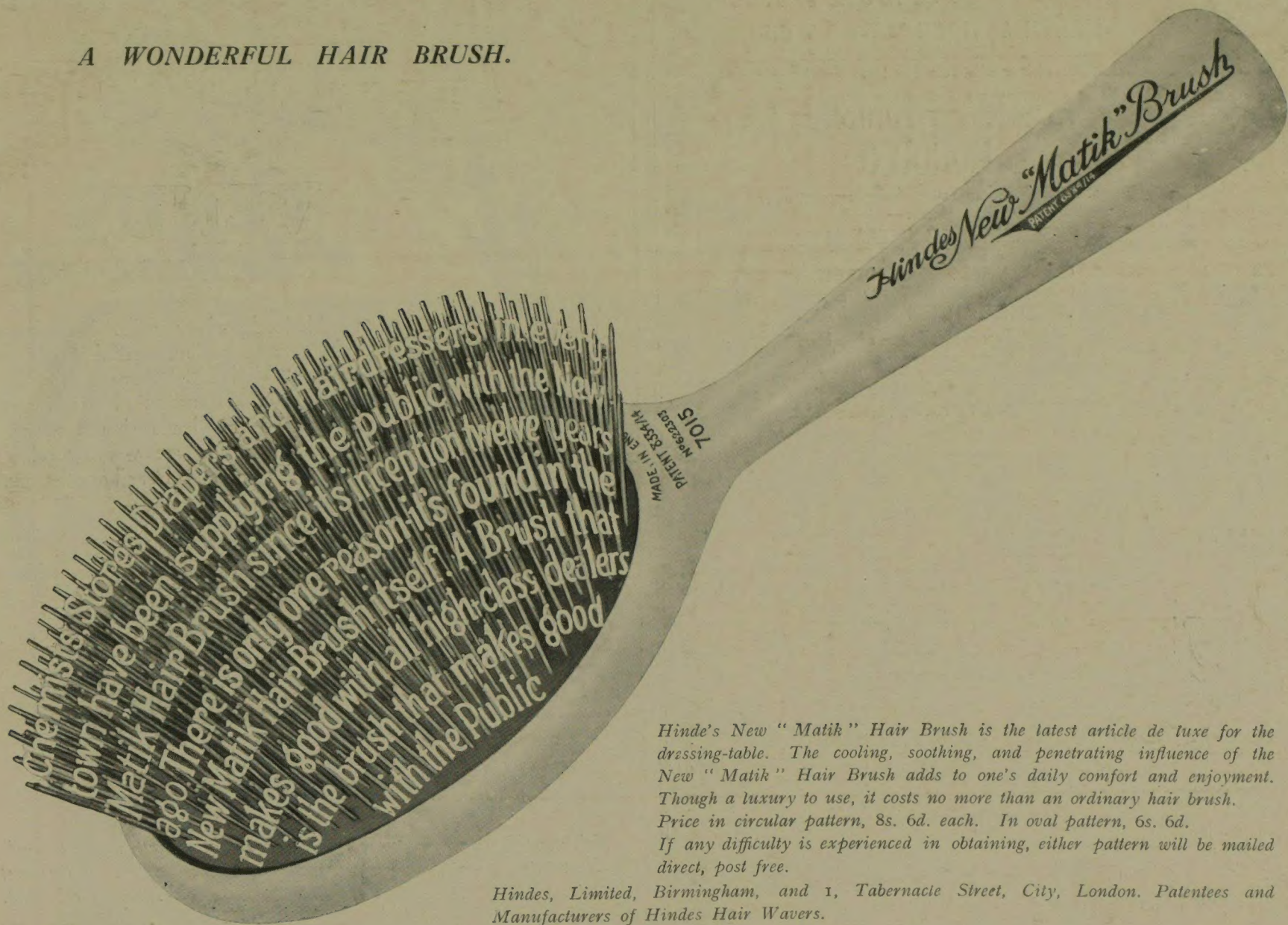
should be put in hand at once. Orders placed for Renovation early in the Season will prevent disappointment, which will be unavoidable during the Winter months.

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Wigmore Street,
(Cavendish Square) London, W.1

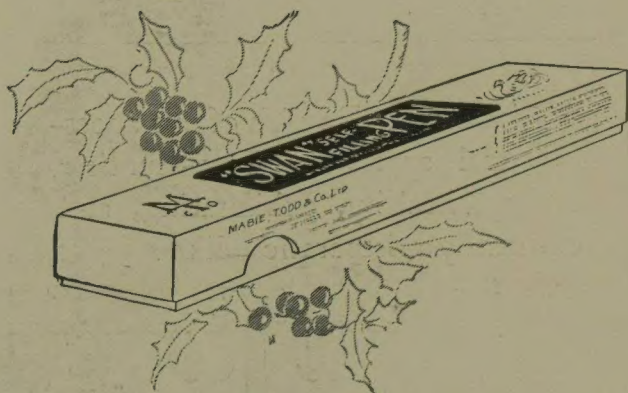


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Covered 18ct
rolled gold,
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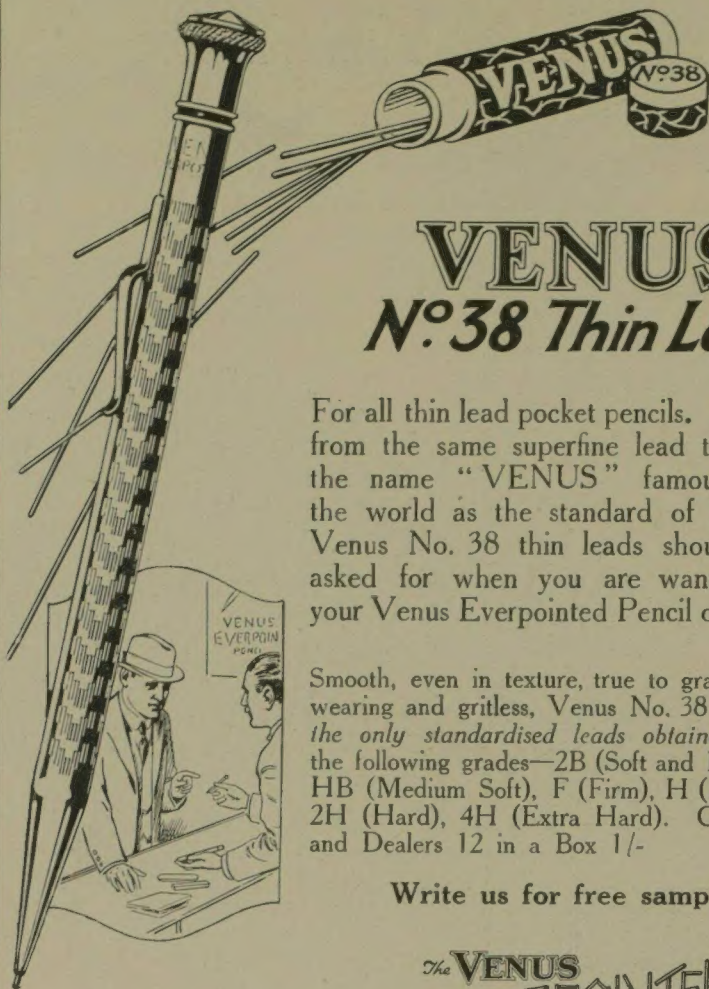
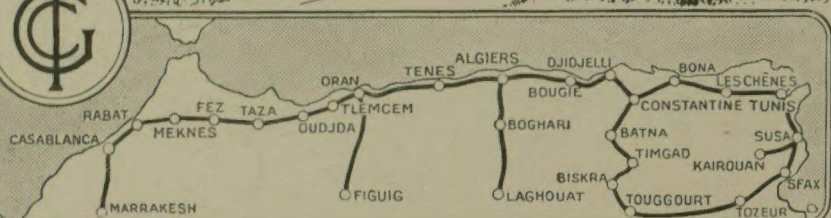
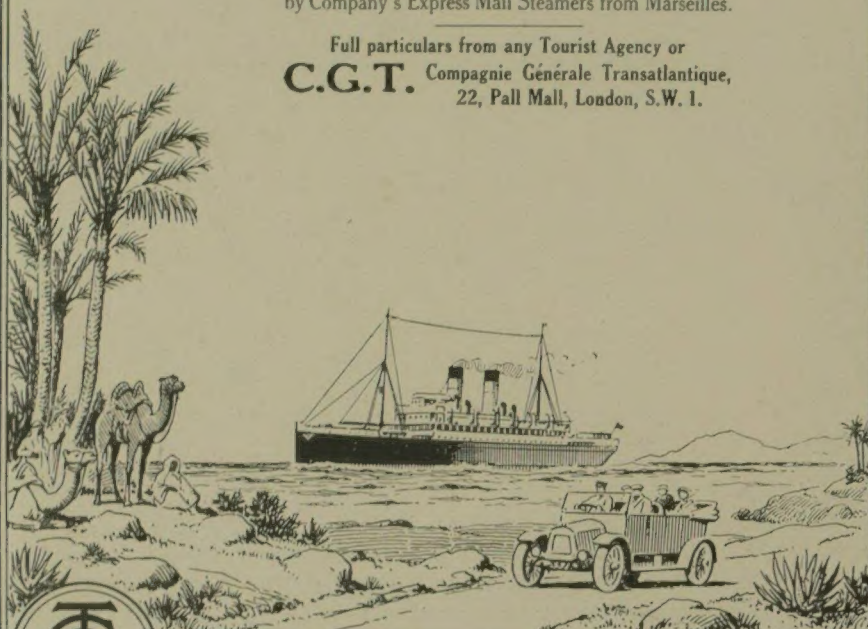
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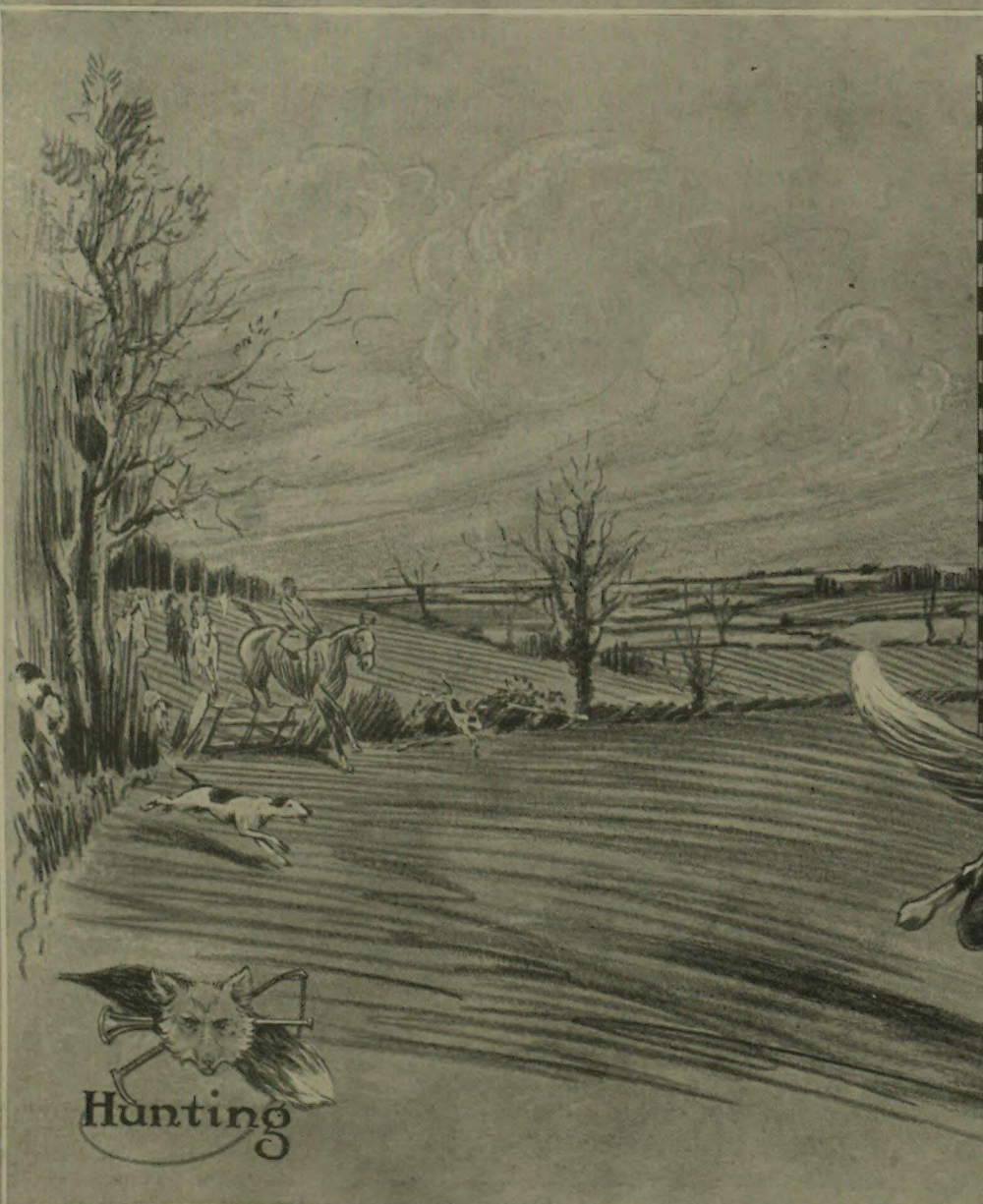
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1922.

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THE "DRUMMER BOY" OF THE WAR: MR. LLOYD GEORGE SPEAKING AT THE STOLL PICTURE THEATRE—
SUPPORTED BY LORD BIRKENHEAD (NEXT ON THE LEFT).

Mr. Lloyd George addressed a meeting at the Stoll Picture Theatre in Kingsway on November 4. Sir William Bull presided, and among the other speakers were Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Austen Chamberlain. In the course of his speech, Mr. Lloyd George said: "My old colleague, the new Prime Minister, referred to my part in the war as that of the drummer boy—(laughter)—who helped to inspire and sustain the fighting spirit of the nation. I am not ashamed of that part. There is nothing more necessary in a great fight than to keep up the spirit

of the people who are in it. If Germany in 1918, when defeat came upon her, had had a drummer boy who could have revived and beaten up her exhausted army, and given her new spirit for the struggle, her story would have been a different one. She had many fighting men; she had no drummer boys. . . . My colleagues and I are quite willing to leave, not to the verdict of to-day, but to the verdict of the future, the part we played in the most trying and deadly movement that ever seized upon this great, powerful, beneficent Empire."

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFIERI



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IMPARTIALITY is another name for impossibility; but I have found, for such purposes as my notes on this page, that there really is a way of talking politics without talking party politics. I have found that the one way to please all parties is to abuse all parties. I remember being asked to take part in a debate about Votes for Women, at the most heated crisis of that conflict before the war. Having to say something, I got up and said exactly what I thought. I pointed out that nearly all the arguments for Female Suffrage were bad, but that the arguments against Female Suffrage were, if possible, worse. The result was that I sat down amid a roar of unanimous applause, and people of all opinions came up to me afterwards with radiant faces to thank me for the truth and wisdom of my words. And even in the atmosphere of a General Election it will be found that few sensible people deny the truth of a general criticism. If you only denounce particular politicians, people will suspect you of the disgusting intention of defending other politicians. But if you denounce all politicians, a deep and heartfelt applause and approbation will arise out of the heart of the English people. It would be easy to give a cynical turn to this by saying that people are always happy if they hear other people abused; it would also be shallow, as cynicism generally is. There is, especially at present, a much more profound and practical reason for this readiness to tolerate an impartial intolerance. It is the sense that there really are fundamental faults and weaknesses now common to all our politics, about which we can all agree without discriminating against some or any of our politicians. And, at the risk of seeming unnaturally detached on what is still supposed to be an exciting occasion, I will suggest one or two of these universal weaknesses here. They are not reasons for voting for anybody in particular; they are not even reasons for declining to vote for anybody at all; but they are reasons for thinking out a little more thoroughly the whole problem of the present position of the vote.

One difficulty is this. When the problem is the weakness of Parliament, it is not easy to get it insisted upon by a Parliamentarian, or by one who wants to be a Parliamentarian. The evil of our time, as compared with a previous time, is that the House of Commons counts for little, or counts for less than it has done and should do. And, of course, if the private Member counts for little, the private voter counts for less. But it is hard to ask the candidate to go about saying that his own election will not count. It is equally hard to ask him to tell the voter that his own vote will not count. England is really suffering from something that may be called the paralysis of Parliament. But it is unreasonable to expect even a politician to go about boasting that he is a paralytic. Parliament really suffers from a stranglehold by plutocrats and bureaucrats, expressed in the most arbitrary vetoes and suppressions, which really prevent even an honest man from doing anything. But it is difficult to expect even an honest man to delight in saying to everybody, "Send me to Parliament, and you shall see for yourselves how little I can do."

A man asking for a vote is naturally tempted to magnify the vote he asks for. A man seeking a position in a senate is naturally led to magnify the position that he seeks. Thus, by a kind of logical hitch, the very machinery of a return to Parliament rather works against a reform of Parliament. Nobody is naturally interested in making plain what is really the matter with that deliberative assembly, which is that it is not really allowed to deliberate. Nobody is personally concerned to point out the weakness of

that form of government, which is simply that it is not allowed to govern. Thus it happens that the wildest popular tumults at Parliamentary elections have passed over the country, without anybody mentioning or anybody knowing the most ordinary facts about Parliament. I doubt if nine people out of ten know what is meant, in the constitution of the Commons, by the Ballot or the Blocking Motion. The first means that it is only by one wild chance, out of a whole lottery, that any private Member gets any opportunity of raising any question at all. The second means that, even if he does raise it, he can be silenced if somebody else has mentioned it in an artificial motion which he does not himself intend for a moment to raise. If Westminster Abbey were on fire, the members could not mention it if some one individual, who wanted it burnt, had given notice of a motion which he need not move. The motion (which would never be moved) might run, "To call

real difficulty about the electoral system; and you will never hear it discussed at any election.

I would suggest, therefore, as a principle really applicable to people of all opinions, another and less common test for candidates. It is not so much to pledge a candidate to this or that proposal, as to pledge him to find out what happens to pledges. It is comparatively useless to ask him to promise he will vote for establishing licences for cats. If the governing groups happen to have a dislike of cats, like Lord Roberts, they can prevent the subject of cats being discussed at all. And they will never explain the secret of their own silence. They can be trusted not to let the cat out of the bag. The mere mention of cats will produce on politicians the effect it is supposed to have on dogs. It will be out of order. And the individual member may fairly say that he himself was bursting with feline sympathies, but that he never really got a chance to advance the cause of felinism. If anyone supposes that felinism is here meant as an irreverent version of feminism, it is his own evil mind that suggests it, and not mine. I merely point out that, whatever be the cause, this is the course. The only pledge that it would be really worth while to exact from a candidate would be this: "I promise that if I have not secured licences for cats by such and such a time, I will come back and tell you why." If every member did that quite candidly, all over the country and in connection with every cause, there might begin to be a real reform of Parliament. But in common charity we must remember, as I have said, that it is asking for considerable courage and honesty in human nature to expect four or five hundred men all to go back to their friends and foes and announce that they have failed.

Now, nobody will pretend that modern politicians, as compared with other classes, specialise in the qualities of knights-errant or martyrs. Of some parts of our politics something worse than such negative criticism must be said. Those central and even secret powers which in practice foil the reformer are never normal, and often not even national. The power is neither democracy nor aristocracy; it is plutocracy pure and simple, in so far as we can use the words pure and simple of something that is both complicated and corrupt. The barrier between the people and what the people want is not the barrier of the people not having enough votes, or the elections not including enough candidates, or the candidates giving enough pledges. It is the final barrier hiding what ultimately happens to the votes and the pledges, and for

that matter the candidates too. All those outer doors stand pretty well open, the doors leading to the polling-booths where things are voted, or even to the lobbies where they are discussed. It is the innermost door of all that is securely locked; and it is the door of the room in which things are done.

That seems to me a practical matter upon which we might all agree, however we may disagree in our votes. We might concentrate our attention afterwards, not on how many seats are filled by partisans, or how many triumphs are celebrated by parties, but simply on what is done. We might pledge ourselves to consider, not how many Tariff Reformers are returned, but how many tariffs are reformed. We might notice, not how many men are pledged to nationalise this or that, but how many things are really nationalised. If we carefully note the things that are done and not done, I think we shall soon find growing upon us a curious and strong conviction that it is not we who do them.



THE DAY BEFORE HIS HUNTING MISHAP: THE PRINCE OF WALES WITH THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE DRAG HUNT AND THEIR GUESTS, AT VICTORIA BARRACKS, WINDSOR.

The Prince of Wales on November 1 attended the opening meet of the Household Brigade Drag Hunt, and the preliminary luncheon at Victoria Barracks, Windsor, where the farmers over whose land the Drag hunts were entertained. The Prince, whose health was proposed by Colonel Lord Henry Seymour, said that it was due to the kindness of the farmers that the Drag was able to hunt over their country. In the subsequent run he rode Kinlark, the hunter presented to him in Australia. Next day, while out with the Badminton Hounds, near Malmesbury, he injured an ankle through his horse slipping on a greasy road. In the front row, in hunting costume, are seen (left to right) Lieut. West, Capt. Sir George Duckworth King (Master), Capt. Lord Edward Hay, the Prince of Wales, Lord Henry Seymour, and Capt. S. A. Magnay.

Photograph by Hills and Saunders, Eton.

attention to the condition of religious buildings in Westminster." It is nobody's interest to call attention to the condition of political affairs in Westminster.

I wonder how many people know that there was never any division in Parliament about Chinese Labour, on which a whole election had been won. I wonder how many people know that when Mr. Belloc was the first to raise the question of the Party Funds and the Sale of Peerages, the hour or two he had gained by the luck of the ballot was occupied by an amendment (which had to be discussed first) about the merits of the Tariff Reform League and Free Trade. I wonder how many people who read that Mr. Pemberton Billing "moved that there were not fifty Members present" know that there are not often twenty Members present. I wonder how many of those who compare the "attendances" of one Member with those of another know what is meant by attending Parliament. It is not at all in the interest of any of those attending Parliament to tell them. That is a

THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN: LEADERS WHOSE WORDS SWAY PUBLIC OPINION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IAN SMITH, ALFIERI, FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO., AND TOPICAL.



LORD BALFOUR AT A UNIONIST MEETING IN THE USHER HALL, EDINBURGH.

"The Coalition was a natural growth. . . . A moment had been reached in history when all the old party shibboleths were exhausted. . . . Whatever this election brings forth . . . men of moderation of all parties should join together to make a strong Administration."



MRS. BRIDGEMAN, WIFE OF THE HOME SECRETARY, SPEAKING AT DRURY LANE (ON THE LEFT, MR. BONAR LAW).

"When Mr. Bonar Law undertook office a great sigh of relief went up, not only in this country, but throughout the world. We knew we could rely on his candour, courage, and commonsense. He is not a man who makes rash promises. . . . He just does the work."



MR. BONAR LAW ADDRESSING AN AUDIENCE OF 2250 WOMEN AT DRURY LANE.

"Women have a tendency to be conservative, not in the political sense of the word, but to be cautious; and that is what we want in the Government of this country. . . . am going to treat you as citizens who have an equal interest in all that happens."



AT MANCHESTER: (L. TO R.) VISCOUNT GREY (SPEAKING), SIR A. A. HAWORTH, LORD SHEFFIELD, AND LADY GREY.

"It is one of the greatest needs of this election that the Liberal representation, which was so nearly destroyed by the untimely election of 1918, should be restored to its proper place. The only Government I can trust is a real Liberal Government."

The Earl of Balfour urged the claims of Coalition when he addressed a great Unionist meeting in the Usher Hall, Edinburgh, on November 1. "If only by reason of age," he concluded, "I have as good a right to talk about Unionism and Conservatism as any of our critics. It is not these causes which are in peril. Other dangers menace us, and those perils can best be warded off by working with those whom you have proved by long years of strenuous co-operation you can work with."—Mr. Bonar Law made his first public speech in London since he became Prime Minister, at Drury Lane Theatre on November 2, when he addressed an audience of more than 2250 women. The chair was taken by Mrs. W. C. Bridgeman, wife of the new Home Secretary, and President of the Women's Unionist Organisation.—Mr. Bonar Law said: "I am addressing an

audience of women, but I have always believed that there is no woman's question worth anything which is not a man's question. It was for that reason that ever since I was a boy I have been in favour of giving the Suffrage to women. . . . Society is so constituted, and must be so for ever, that there can be no difference between the interests of men and the interests of women. . . . Now I am going to treat you, not as women, but as citizens of this country, who have an equal interest in all that happens, and who—from my own experience—have an equal intelligence in being able to understand them."—Viscount Grey of Fallodon addressed a great Liberal meeting in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester on November 3. He hoped there would now be a new start in foreign affairs between ourselves and other European nations, especially France and Italy.

NOW TAKING THE LEAD AS POLITICAL HOSTESSES:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, SWAINE, HOPPE, HAY WRIGHTSON, BERTRAM PARK, H. WALTER



LADY GRIFFITH-BOSCOWEN, WIFE OF SIR ARTHUR GRIFFITH-BOSCOWEN, M.P., MINISTER OF HEALTH.



MRS. STANLEY BALDWIN, WIFE OF MR. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P., CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.



THE HON. MRS. TRYON, WIFE OF MAJOR G. C. TRYON, M.P., MINISTER OF PENSIONS.



THE MARCHIONESS OF LINLITHGOW, WIFE OF THE MARQUESS OF LINLITHGOW, CIVIL LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.



THE MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY, WIFE OF THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY, LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL.



LADY SANDERS, WIFE OF SIR ROBERT A. SANDERS, BT., M.P., MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES.



MRS. ASHLEY, WIFE OF COLONEL WILFRID ASHLEY, M.P., PARL. SECRETARY, OFFICE OF WORKS AND TRANSPORT.



THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, WIFE OF THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, UNDER-SECRETARY, AIR MINISTRY.



LADY DOROTHY WOOD, WIFE OF THE HON. E. F. L. WOOD, M.P., PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.



MRS. BRIDGEMAN, WIFE OF MR. W. C. BRIDGEMAN, M.P., HOME SECRETARY.

WIVES OF MINISTERS IN THE NEW GOVERNMENT.

BARNETT, BASSANO, W. S. STUART, VANDYK, VAUGHAN AND FREEMAN, AND JAMES BACON AND SON.



MARCHIONESS CURZON OF KEDLESTON, WIFE OF MARQUESS CURZON, FOREIGN SECRETARY AND LEADER OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.



VISCOUNTESS NOVAR, WIFE OF VISCOUNT NOVAR, SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND.



THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, WIFE OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, COLONIAL SECRETARY.



MRS. AMERY, WIFE OF MR. L. C. M. S. AMERY, M.P., FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.



LADY LLOYD-GREAME, WIFE OF SIR PHILIP LLOYD-GREAME, M.P., PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.



VISCOUNTESS CAVE, WIFE OF VISCOUNT CAVE, THE LORD CHANCELLOR.



THE HON. MRS. WATSON, WIFE OF THE HON. WILLIAM WATSON, LORD ADVOCATE.



MRS. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, WIFE OF MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., POSTMASTER-GENERAL.



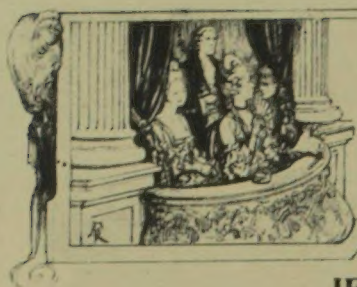
MRS. LESLIE WILSON, WIFE OF COLONEL LESLIE WILSON, M.P., PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY.



LADY AUGUSTA INSKIP, WIFE OF MR. T. W. H. INSKIP, M.P., SOLICITOR-GENERAL.

A change of Government always reacts on the social side of political life, and new Ministerial appointments bring new hostesses into prominence. Some of the ladies whose portraits we give are, of course, already well known in that capacity, while the wives of some of the new Ministers will come comparatively fresh to the task of political entertaining. As regards the new Prime Minister, it may be recalled that Mr. Bonar Law is a widower, and it is understood that

the duties of acting as hostess at No. 10, Downing Street, will be shared by his sister, Miss Law, and his elder daughter, Lady Sykes, who is the wife of Major-General Sir F. H. Sykes. It may be pointed out that the portraits here reproduced do not exhaust the list of wives of new Ministers, but include most of those whose husbands hold the more important offices.



The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.



JEWISH PLAYERS.—NOTABLE FILMS.—"HAMLET" IN FRENCH.

WITH Irish fantasy at the Regent, Swedish dancers at the Court, and Jewish realists at the Kingsway, London at the present moment has its full share of Art. Behind all artistic activity you may nearly always find one enthusiast. In the case of the Vilna Troupe of Jewish Players, the enthusiast is Mr. Susman, whose energy and unswerving belief brought this extraordinary company to London. For extraordinary these actors are—alike in their simplicity, in their naïve humour, in their primitive passion, as in their complete oblivion of the fourth wall—the audience.

Their season opened with one of those simple plays of the people in which virtue triumphs and the temptress tempts in vain—the eternal triangle of the good woman, the bad woman, and the weak but ultimately reformed husband. This, with copious comic relief supplied by interfering relatives, is the bare theme of "Yankel the Smith." Yet, played as the Vilna Troupe plays it—in Yiddish, remember—it becomes an engrossing human document. It is a commonplace tale unfolded in drab surroundings, but, as these actors tell it there is nothing drab about it. It glows like the furnace in Yankel's forge; it sets you laughing and weeping, even though you don't understand a word of it.

Above all, these players are supremely natural. There is no slowing up on the telling line, no making of points. The conversations merge; they overlap; presently everyone is talking at the same time; anon you hear nothing but the weeping—high-pitched, ugly, and utterly heartrending—of a despairing woman: yet the outline of the story is never blurred; its simple drama rings convincingly true. Nothing could have been better than the contrasting types of Sonia Alomis, as the pale, loving wife, with her helpless tenderness and her frightened eyes, and the Rubensque temptress, rosy-cheeked and hot-blooded, of Rose Birnbaum. The confronting of these two rivals in the last act was a veritable masterpiece of acting. Curiously enough, Chaim Schneur, who played the somewhat sorry hero, was the only member of the company who struck too loud a note in a perfect ensemble. He seemed to me to posture, to grind out his words; he was altogether too emphatically a devil of a fine fellow. But probably first-night nerves, strung to their utmost by a strange audience in an unknown town, may have had much to do with Mr. Schneur's exuberance. As for the rest of the company, the aunts and uncles and parents-in-law that meddled in the young couple's affairs on all occasions in true Jewish fashion, I should have to quote every name on the programme to do them justice. The audience, almost entirely Jewish, rose at them and cheered them to the echo. How much this marvellous ensemble owes to its producer, Davis Hermann, it is difficult to say. There can be no doubt that his master hand is at the tiller, steering all this vivid talent, these forceful personalities, into the right channels. The result, I repeat, is extraordinary, and I can only advise you, if you are seeking something fresh in the field of Art, to go to the Kingsway: you will find it there.

Two points are very interesting in the skilful film presentation of that famous play, "A Bill of Divorcement." The prehistoric part if I may call it so, which shows how the husband's madness manifested itself in an assault on the doctor

after their discussion on the passing of the imaginary law of 1924, whereby insanity warrants divorce, is very logically conceived. We get a clear vision of the couple's marital happiness, and Malcolm Keen, who is a first-rate screen actor, by wonderful eye-play, indicates the disarrangement of his brain. Nor does he change it when anon he returns home after many years, "cured by doctor's diagnosis." But to us he still remains unbalanced: the unsteady eye speaks volumes. The other point of great importance is

Fred Emney. It was an experiment fraught with danger, for Emney's old lady was a kind of minor classic, and everything he did remains filmed in the memory of the thousands and thousands who loved and applauded him during his lifetime. But Mary Brough (wonderful rotund little bundle of humanity, who belongs to a famous race of actors) is not merely a good second; she is Mrs. May and the egregious Mrs. Le Browne as verily as Emney was. She strikes right home from the first. This amiable virago,

who did everything a "lidy" wouldn't do and loved her liquor even better than her lover, is a real slice of life. Much is forgiven unto her for the cosiness of her blanc-mangy portliness, her baby-like smile, her pleasant way of pilfering the balusters of her lodgings to keep her home-fire burning. And she is priceless when, to rescue her boxes, she coaxes the lounge at the pub to dress up as her long-lost sailor son, until a real Jack Tar appeared on the spot, and kicked him and his bunkum into the street. Mary Brough's face in that episode was a study; but she reached the height of humour when impersonating that aristocratic sister of hers. She drank so much gin with her friend Mrs. Mall (Pollie Emery) that both ladies had the greatest trouble in the world to maintain the high standard of etiquette and decorum as ordained by the protocol of the Old Kent Road.

The acting of all concerned was so delightful and comic that no one minded the inward sordidness of the theme. We looked upon it as satire, and as such enjoyed it hugely. This film is a credit to actors and producer alike. Mr. George Dewhurst has the land of Cockayne at his fingers' ends.

After having seen M. de Max in the closet scene of "Hamlet," I think that it would be an excellent idea for the *régisseeur* of the Comédie Française to spend a few weeks in London at the Old Vic. We are grateful to Sir Oswald Stoll for letting us see these fragments, but we are not satisfied either with the manner of the performance or M. de Max's interpretation. It is one thing to play Corneille and Racine in the measured style of the Alexandrine verse, and another to deliver M. Marcel Schwab's somewhat depolished Shakespeare. The former justify declamation; but Shakespeare should be given naturally, humanly,

without the attributes and the ornate rhetoric of the French classic school. M. de Max even exceeded that method. He brawled, he shouted, and with raucous "ou-ah" of rage brow-beat his mother, then flung himself once or twice paroxysmally on the floor to resume his raving.

This was not the Hamlet of Shakespeare. It did not create the infinite pity for the young man so sorely stricken. This Hamlet was a mature, turbulent tyrant with the one quality that his enunciation was clearly coined. M. de Max's fellow-players were weighed down by his vehemence; but they, too, declaimed heavily, with pauses between sentences, without real emotion. Only one spoke humanly, and that was the Ghost of Hamlet's father: his voice

sounded like an echo of life from a region afar. Of course, it would be scarcely fair to judge a whole characterisation after hearing a fragment. But my impression was—and I say it with regretful candour—that Hamlet's exhortation to the players would be well applied to some members of the Comédie Française when interpreting our national poet!



THE BLACK CAP AND SENTENCE OF DEATH ON THE STAGE FOR THE FIRST TIME: AN OLD BAILEY SCENE IN "THE BALANCE," AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

The new play at the Strand Theatre, "The Balance," by Frank Dix and Leon M. Lion, leads up to a realistic criminal trial scene at the Old Bailey. Every detail is faithfully reproduced, and, for the first time on the stage, the Judge dons the black cap and pronounces sentence of death, as shown in the above photograph. The part of the Judge is played by Mr. J. H. Barnes; that of the prisoner, Richard Porter, by Mr. Tristan Rawson.—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

that the film, even more cogently than the play, reveals what is moving the soul of the daughter. Miss Constance Binney, the young actress who figured this part, is a valuable find. Her countenance was as eloquent as words. She is a born filmist. She, Mr. Malcolm Keen, and Mr. Henry Vibart as the doctor, were like real people. Miss Fay Compton was charming as the mother, but there was something in her performance which struck me as artificial, and her eyes were not sufficiently well made up to focus emotion; while her movements, to one familiar with her ease on the legitimate stage, were often a little forced. On the whole, this British creation is better than many others. It has atmosphere.



THE RETURN OF THE CO-OPTIMISTS: A SLEEPY ENSEMBLE—IN THEIR NEW PROGRAMME AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

The Co-Optimists, who recently returned to London after their provincial tour, are giving an excellent new programme at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Our photograph shows (from left to right): Mr. Davy Burnaby, Mr. Melville Gideon, Miss Betty Chester, Mr. Laddie Cliff, Miss Phyllis Monkman, Mr. Gilbert Childs, Miss Elsa Macfarlane, Mr. H. B. Hedley, and Mr. Stanley Holloway.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

At length we are getting even with America in the production of humorous films. Already Lupino Lane's Spanish adventures promised that Charlie Chaplin would find another Richmond in the field. And now comes Mary Brough, with Pollie Emery and Jack McAndrews, in "A Sister to Assist 'Er," and steps bravely into the shoes of dear, unforgettable

AT HOME AND ABROAD: INTERESTING OCCASIONS ILLUSTRATED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.U., VOIGT, WOLTER, AND KEYSTONE VIEW CO. THOSE OF THE YUGO-SLAV PAVILION TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



THE AFFAIRS OF THE McGRIGOR BANK: A CROWDED MEETING OF SOME 1500 INDIGNANT CREDITORS HELD AT THE HOLBORN RESTAURANT.



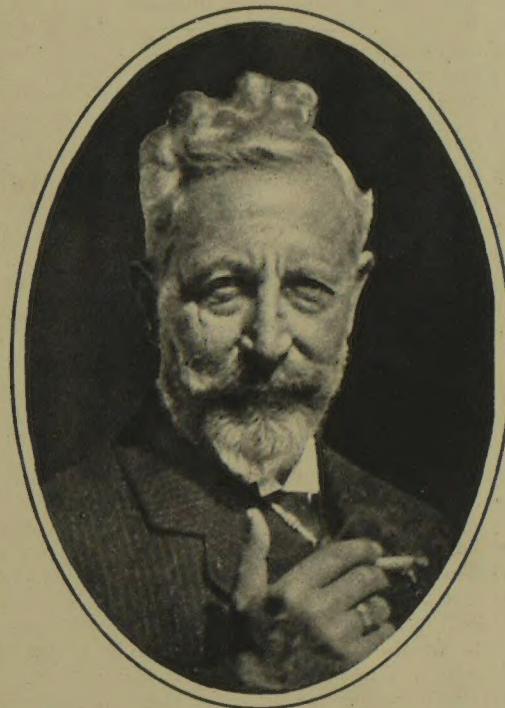
THE EX-KAISER'S SECOND WIFE: PRINCESS HERMINE OF REUSS, WITH HER LITTLE DAUGHTER, LEAVING HER HOME IN SILESIA FOR HOLLAND.



AS HE WAS AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS POWER: THE EX-KAISER AS WAR LORD.



IN MILITARY CLOAK AND HELMET: THE EX-KAISER ARRIVING FOR THE CIVIL MARRIAGE AT DOORN—A TELEPHOTOGRAPH.



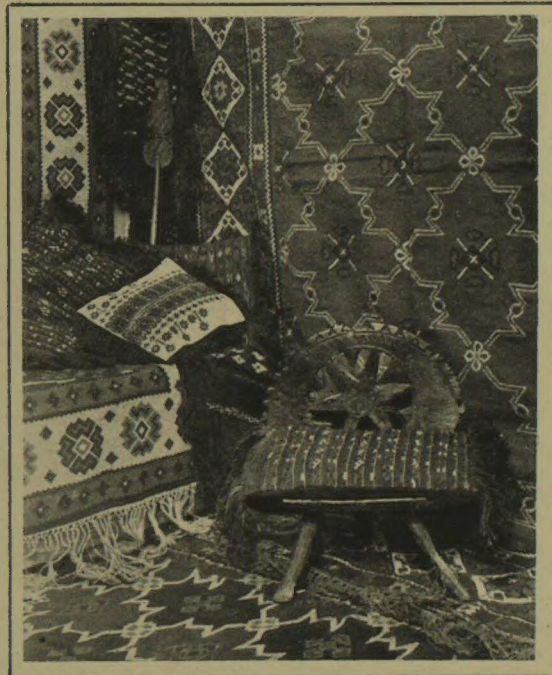
THE EX-KAISER AS HE IS TO-DAY: THE FALLEN WAR LORD AS A BEARDED CIVILIAN.



AT THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS EXHIBITION AT ST. ALBANS: WITH FINE SERBIAN EMBROIDERY, CARPETS, AND HANGINGS: A CORNER OF THE YUGO-SLAV PAVILION.



THE YUGO-SLAV PAVILION ARRANGED BY MME BETZITCH.



AT THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS EXHIBITION: THE OTHER CORNER OF THE YUGO-SLAV PAVILION.

The first meeting of creditors of Sir Charles R. McGrigor, Bt., and Co., bankers and Army agents, under the recent receiving order, was held at the Holborn Restaurant on November 6. Mr. F. T. Carton, Official Receiver, presided. About 1500 people, including many ex-officers, clergymen, and women, squeezed into the room. There are 8500 creditors in all.—The marriage of the ex-Kaiser and Princess Hermine of Reuss took place at Doorn on November 5. The bride arrived on the previous evening, having travelled from Saboor Castle, her home in Silesia, and stayed the night in the lodge of Doorn House. The wedding ceremony took place in the lodge at 11.30 a.m. The bridegroom wore the full-dress uniform of the Imperial Guards, and the ex-Crown Prince that of the Death's-Head Hussars.

Among others present were Prince Eitel Friedrich, and Prince Henry, the ex-Kaiser's brother. The proceedings were conducted in great privacy, but one photographer was able to obtain a snapshot (reproduced above) with a telephoto camera, showing the ex-Kaiser in his helmet leaving his car to enter the lodge. His chauffeur has just thrown a military cloak over his shoulders. Naturally, in the circumstances, the photograph is not very clear, but it was an achievement to obtain it at all.—The League of Nations Exhibition was opened by the Marchioness of Salisbury at the Drill Hall, St. Albans, on November 6. An attractive exhibit was the Yugo-Slav pavilion, arranged by Mme. Betzitch, wife of the well-known Serbian artist, M. Vladimir Betzitch, who is to hold an exhibition of his work in London.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, TOPICAL, AGENZIA FOTOGRAFICA ITALIANA, AND LAFAYETTE. THAT OF THE BRITISH CABINET BY "TOPICAL BUDGET FILM."



A CHINA WAR VETERAN: THE LATE COL. R. T. MASEFIELD.



TO BE LEGAL ADVISER TO THE L. AND N.E.R. AMALGAMATION: SIR F. DUNNELL.



APPOINTED GENERAL MANAGER OF THE L. AND N.E.R.: MR. R. L. WEDGWOOD.



A WELL-KNOWN FRENCH NOVELIST, PLAYWRIGHT, AND JOURNALIST: THE LATE M. ALFRED CAPUS.



THE NEW RÉGIME IN ITALY: SIGNOR MUSSOLINI (CENTRE BACKGROUND) PRESIDING OVER HIS FIRST CABINET COUNCIL.



TO JOIN THE INDIA COUNCIL: SIR BASIL P. BLACKETT, CONTROLLER OF FINANCE IN THE TREASURY.



THE NEW BRITISH PREMIER AND HIS CABINET: MR. BONAR LAW (THIRD FROM RIGHT) AND HIS COLLEAGUES AT 10, DOWNING STREET.



FORMERLY U.S. AMBASSADOR TO ITALY: THE LATE MR. T. NELSON PAGE.



AN EX-LORD PROVOST OF GLASGOW: THE LATE SIR JAMES W. STEWART.



FIRST MAYOR OF STOKE NEWINGTON: THE LATE SIR JOHN J. RUNTZ.

Colonel Robert T. Masefield served in the Chinese War of 1860-2. For 28 years (1876 to 1904) he commanded the 2nd Volunteer Batt., King's Shropshire Light Infantry.—A group of important railways has been amalgamated as the London and North Eastern Railway. Sir Francis Dunnell is at present Secretary and Solicitor of the North Eastern, and also of the Ministry of Transport. Mr. R. L. Wedgwood has been Deputy General Manager of the North Eastern Railway since 1919.—M. Alfred Capus was political director of the Paris "Figaro" and the author of many well-known novels and plays.—The photograph of the Italian Cabinet shows (in centre) Signor B. Mussolini, Premier; (on left, from back to front) General Diaz (War Minister) and Signors Federzoni (Colonies), De Capitani (Agriculture), Tangorra, Gentilo (Public Instruction), Carnazza (Public Works), and Colonna di Cesaro (Posts and Telegraphs); (on the right, from back to front)

Signors Thaon de Revel (Marine), Acerbo (half hidden), Da Stefani (Finance), Rossi (Industry), Cavazzoli (Labour), Oviglio (Justice), and Giurati (Liberated Regions).—In the photograph of the British Cabinet, beyond Mr. Bonar Law are Lord Salisbury (next) and Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame.—Sir Basil P. Blackett has been appointed a member of the Executive Council of the Governor-General of India.—Mr. Thomas Nelson Page was American Ambassador to Italy from 1913 to 1919, and also eminent as poet, essayist, and novelist. His "Italy and the World War" appeared last year.—Sir James Stewart was Lord Provost of Glasgow from 1917 to 1920. He was senior partner of J. W. Stewart and Co., Chartered Accountants.—Sir John Runtz was for many years prominent in the public life of Stoke Newington and North Hackney, as a Conservative and a Churchman.

THE SULTANATE ABOLISHED BY THE GRAND NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.U., SEBAH AND JOAILLIER, AND TOPICAL.



INFORMED THAT THE ANGORA ASSEMBLY HAD DECIDED TO ABOLISH THE SULTANATE AND APPOINT A NEW CALIPH: SULTAN MOHAMMED VI. (DESCENDING THE STEPS OF YILDIZ PALACE).



ANGORA'S EMISSARY WHO ASSUMED CONTROL OF CONSTANTINOPLE: RAFET PASHA.



WITH SULTAN MOHAMMED VI., AS THE CALIPH OF ISLAM, AMONG THE WORSHIPPERS: A SERVICE IN THE IMPERIAL MOSQUE AT YILDIZ, BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.



SAID TO HAVE ASSERTED HIS RIGHTS AS SULTAN AND CALIPH, IN AN INTERVIEW WITH RAFET PASHA: SULTAN MOHAMMED VI.

It was announced in Constantinople on November 2 that the Turkish National Assembly at Angora had decided to abolish the Sultanate and to appoint a new Caliph, or religious head of Islam. The wording of the resolutions was: "(1) The Assembly esteems that the form of government existing at Constantinople based upon personal sovereignty has been relegated to the past from March 16, 1920. (2) The Caliphate being identified with the House of Othman, the Grand National Assembly will choose for the office of Caliph the most cultured, upright, noble member of the imperial family. The Grand National Assembly is the foundation of the Caliphate." These revolutionary decisions are likely to shake the Moslem

world to its foundations. Their substance was previously conveyed to Sultan Mohammed VI. by General Rafet Pasha, and it is said that the Sultan asserted his rights and claimed that the proposals could only be discussed between himself and the world of Islam, until he had been legally deposed. On November 4 Rafet Pasha assumed control of the "Province of Constantinople," and the Grand Vizier, with the Cabinet, resigned. It was reported on November 6 that the Kemalists had handed the Allies a Note demanding the immediate evacuation of Constantinople. The above portrait of Rafet Pasha appeared in our later edition last week, but we reprint it in view of its importance.

THE ETIQUETTE OF HUNTING: MORE "DON'TS" ILLUSTRATED.

DRAWINGS SPECIALLY MADE FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY LIONEL EDWARDS.



Be sure it is the hunted fox before you holloa!



Don't ride in anyone's pocket.



Don't ride a tired horse at timber!

MANNERS AND MORALS OF THE HUNTING-FIELD: THINGS NOT DONE BY FOLLOWERS OF THE BEST TRADITIONS.

As promised in our last issue, we give here a second (and final) set of drawings by Mr. Lionel Edwards illustrating the list of thirty "Don'ts" for hunting men published some years ago in "Baily's Magazine," over the signature of "Borderer." The artist has added some of his own. "Borderer's" list was as follows:—1. *Don't wear long spurs with sharp rowels*; 2. *Don't talk long at the covert side*. 3. *Don't ride a kicking horse in a crowd*. 4. *Don't wear the hunt button on uniform without first consulting the Secretary or Master, or both*.

5. *Don't go into a covert that is being drawn, unless it is a big one, and then, if you don't mind boggy rides, you are better inside than galloping round outside*. 6. *Don't speak to the huntsman, except at the meet, or at the end of the day*. 7. *Don't jump the big places unnecessarily, or when hounds are not running*. 8. *Don't let a gate slam in the next comer's face*. 9. *Don't gallop past people in a muddy lane unless there is necessity for it*. 10. *Don't speak to a lady unless you have been introduced to her or she speaks to you first*. 11. *Don't*

[Continued opposite.]

THE ETIQUETTE OF HUNTING: A FINAL INSTALMENT OF "DON'TS."

DRAWINGS SPECIALLY MADE FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY LIONEL EDWARDS.



Don't let the gate slam in the next comer's face.



Don't smother people with mud when there is no hurry.



Don't head foxes. (Keep with the rest of "the field.")

MANNERS AND MORALS OF THE HUNTING-FIELD: PAINFUL RESULTS OF MISTAKEN ZEAL AND CARELESSNESS.

Continued.
 push a blown horse. 12. *Don't* hit a horse over the head unless he is in the act of rearing. 13. *Don't* blaspheme the farmers. 14. *Don't* talk scandal. 15. *Don't* holloa unless the circumstances of the sport call for it. 16. *Don't* appear too much in mufti. 17. *Don't* smoke a pipe, unless on the way home. 18. *Don't* head foxes or hounds. 19. *Don't* ape the fop in dress or manner. 20. *Don't* lose your temper. 21. *Don't* forget that 'a gentle answer turneth away wrath.' 22. *Don't* forget that the amount of your subscription should depend on the number of days you hunt, and the number of horses you have out. 23. *Don't* listen exclusively to your keepers. 24. *Don't* ride over wheat or young seeds. 25. *Don't* leave your nipper at home where barbed wire abounds. 26. *Don't* hesitate to act the Good Samaritan. 27. *Don't* blow your own trumpet. 28. *Don't* forget you are one of many who come out to enjoy hunting, each in his own way. 29. *Don't* earn the name of being a coper. 30. *Don't* crab your own country, Master, huntsman, or hounds."—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]

WHERE GREEKS ONCE RULED IN INDIA: EXCAVATIONS AT TAXILA.

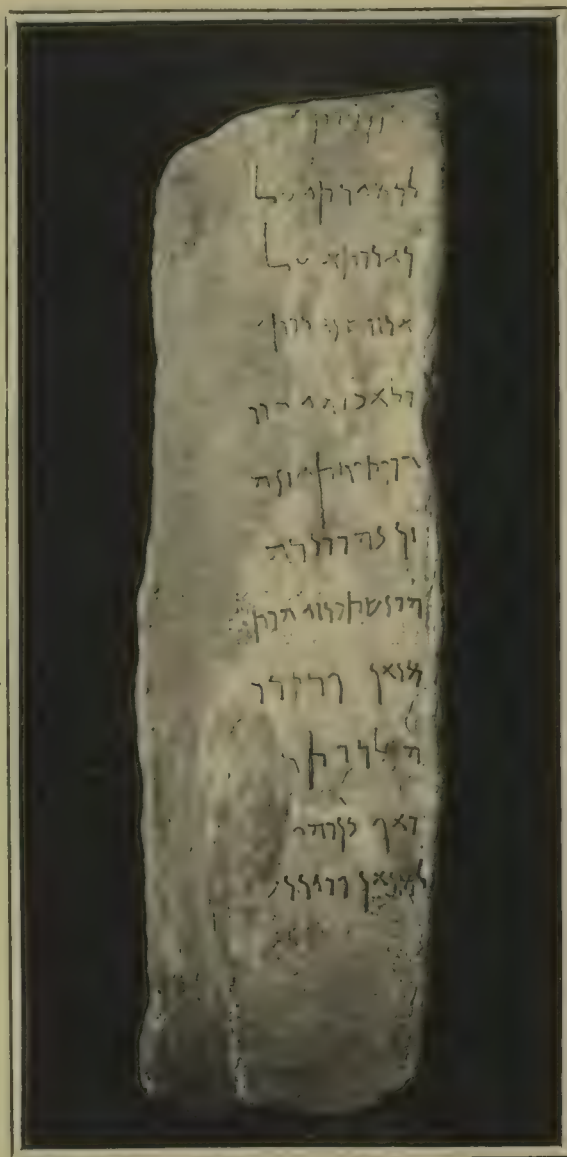
By SIR JOHN MARSHALL, Director-General of Archaeology in India.

LIKE Bactria, the "Mother of Cities," Taxila is of immemorial antiquity, and in the days of her greatness was a meeting-place of many nations, of strange tongues, and of diverse creeds. The very name of "Taxila" is suggestive, for it is the Græcised form of the Indian "Takshasila," coined first by the soldiers of Alexander the Great, and it seems to conjure up visions of that clash of East and West which recurred time after time in the plains of the Panjab; of the conquering might of Darius, who annexed Taxila to his Persian Empire; of the Macedonian King refreshing his troops in this city ere he set out against the redoubtable Porus; and of Seleucus Nikator thrust back and defeated by the Mauryan Chandragupta. A generation later the pendulum swings back from East to West. Demetrius, the son-in-law of Antiochus the Great, appears on the scene from Bactria; and, after him, a line of Greek Princes who ruled Taxila for more than a century. Then come more invaders from the West—Scythians and Parthians—who counted among their rulers the powerful Azes and Gondophares, familiar from the legends of St. Thomas the Apostle. And following them (in the middle of the first century A.D.) the still stranger Kushans, who hailed originally from the distant borders of China, and under the great Emperor Kanishka were destined to conquer most of Hindustan. Then, last of all, the White Huns, who rivalled the hordes of Attila himself for cruelty and destruction, and were responsible for the final overthrow of Taxila. In all India there was no city of antiquity, perhaps, which changed hands so many times or experienced greater vicissitudes of fortune—none, certainly, which could boast of the monuments and relics of so many nationalities.

The site of Taxila is about twenty miles north-west of Rawalpindi, at the point where the ancient trade route from Afghanistan and Western Asia converged with those from Kashmir and from Hindustan; and it was to this favoured position, no doubt, and to the stream of commerce passing along these highways that the city owed its wealth and importance. In other respects, also, the site was a singularly happy one, for it lies in a pleasant hill-girt valley, where the hills themselves serve as natural defences, where the soil is fertile, and where water is abundant. This valley covers an area of some forty square miles, and within it are the buried remains of three separate cities, besides a multitude of other monuments, for Taxila was twice shifted after its original foundation—first by the Bactrian Greeks about 180 B.C., and again by the Kushans about 100 A.D.; and each of these three cities contains several strata of ruined structures superimposed one above the other in successive ages.

The original city is still buried deep beneath the Bhir Mound, and to what dim and remote past it is to be ascribed the spade has yet to determine. All that we know at present is that it, and a second city also built upon its remains, had vanished from sight long ere the armies of Alexander appeared in India, for the city which was standing in the fourth century B.C. is the topmost of the three cities on the Bhir Mound. This is the one which is described by Alexander's historians, and the one which—after two thousand years—is again being brought to the light of day. Curiously enough, among the objects found in its ruins was a broken vase of Greek design with the head of Alexander himself embossed upon its surface; not that it is suggested that this was a relic left behind by one of his soldiers, but it is, at any rate, a significant souvenir of the effect produced by his conquests. The houses of this city are strikingly irregular in plan and built of rough rubble; but they are the earliest examples of their kind that have been unearthed in the Panjab, and their interest is further heightened by some very singular features—notably

by the presence of certain altar-like pillars in some of the rooms, the precise purpose of which has yet to be determined; and also of "soak pits" or blind wells for disposing of surplus water and sewage.



DATING FROM THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C., WHEN TAXILA WAS INCLUDED IN THE ACHÆMENIAN EMPIRE OF PERSIA: AN ARAMAIC INSCRIPTION DISCOVERED DURING THE EXCAVATIONS.

Unique, also, among these early remains are a temple containing three square altars set in a line side by side down the central axis, and a varied collection of small objects—pottery, terra-cotta figurines, coins, polished gems, jewellery, and the like—which were recovered from the débris of the houses.

The next city, now known as Sirkap, was built by the Bactrian Greeks a little to the north-east of old Taxila, and on the other side of the Tamra stream. A century later it was destroyed and rebuilt by their successors, the Scythians, and again rebuilt by the Parthians. Little has yet been done to explore the Scythic and Greek strata; but a large area of the Parthian city has been exposed to view, and the visitor can now climb over walls and bastions, walk through its ancient streets, and study the plans and construction of its buildings. One of these, more than three hundred feet in width and depth and more solidly built than the rest, was probably the palace of the Parthian ruler, and is of special interest for the resemblance it bears to the palace of the Assyrian Sargon at Khorsabad. Of the smaller houses, some belonged, as their contents show, to Jaina occupants; others to Buddhists; others, no doubt, to Fire-worshippers or to Hindus. Though built mainly of rubble, they are stronger and more regularly aligned than the houses in the older city, and are characterised by other striking differences also. One of these is the absence of doorways giving access to the interior on the lowest floor, the reason for this anomaly being that the chambers now visible served as cellars or *takkhanas* entered by stairways from above. This peculiarity is alluded to in Philostratus, who remarks that the houses of this city, when viewed from the outside, appear to possess one storey only, but on entering them you find another series of chambers beneath. Another curious feature of these Parthian houses is the extent of the accommodation provided in them—far greater than any single family could have required. Possibly they served as tenements for several families; but it is more likely that this particular quarter of the city was the University quarter (for Taxila was the greatest University town in ancient India), and that these were the houses of the professors and their pupils, who would certainly need more accommodation than could be found in any ordinary dwelling. Yet a third peculiarity, common to many of them, is the presence of a shrine or chapel in one of their courts. An example of one of these shrines—probably a Jaina stupa—is illustrated on this page. It was erected about the beginning of the Christian era or a little earlier, and is noteworthy for the interesting combination of Indian and Hellenistic and Scythic motifs exhibited in its decoration, among which may be noticed especially the emblem of the double-headed eagle. Of the countless small antiquities, including many thousands

of coins, found in the city of Sirkap, a few specimens are reproduced in the twelve photographs on the next page (p. 755). Like the shrine noticed above, they also serve to illustrate how remarkably hybrid in character, and almost more Greek than Indian, were the arts and culture of Taxila under its Scythic and Parthian rulers.

Apart from these excavations within the cities, much has been done also to explore the isolated sites outside the walls. One of these, a lofty mound in a commanding position outside the north gate of Sirkap, has proved to contain a fine Ionic temple built probably for Fire-worship. In plan it resembles a Greek peripteral temple, but the usual peristyle is replaced at the sides and back of this temple by a wall pierced with large windows, and, instead of a chamber between the sanctuary and the *opisthodomos*, there is in this temple a solid tower rising like an Assyrian *Ziggurat*, in the middle of the temple. The columns



SHOWING THE DOUBLE-HEADED EAGLE EMBLEM (ON RIGHT): A JAINA SHRINE IN A HOUSE OF THE PARTHIAN CITY AT SIRKAP—WITH HALF-GREEK, HALF-INDIAN STYLE OF DECORATION.

Photographs supplied by Sir John Marshall.

[Continued on page 752.]

GREEK INFLUENCE IN ANCIENT INDIAN ART: PARTHIAN "FINDS."

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY SIR JOHN MARSHALL, DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF ARCHAEOLOGY IN INDIA.



FOUND AT SIRKAP (TAXILA): A COPPER GOBLET—PARTHIAN PERIOD.



OF GREEK WORKMANSHIP (1st CENT. B.C.): A BRONZE HARPOCRATES.



FROM SIRKAP, THE PARTHIAN CITY AT TAXILA: A STONE "OFFERINGS DISH."



WITH ORNAMENTED HANDLE: A COPPER JUG—PARTHIAN PERIOD.



DESCRIBED AS A BRASS INK-POT: ONE OF COUNTLESS SMALL ANTIQUITIES.



INCLUDING A NECKLACE AND SMALL ORNAMENTS OF FINE WORKMANSHIP: GOLD JEWELLERY FROM THE PARTHIAN CITY OF SIRKAP.



THE GREEK GOD DIONYSUS: A HEAD IN SILVER REPOUSSE.



MADE WHEN PARTHIANS RULED AT TAXILA: A JEWELLED GOLD BRACELET.



A PARTHIAN CHILD'S TREASURE LONG AGO: A COPPER TOY CHARIOT.



DUG FROM THE SOIL OF CENTURIES: BRONZE AND COPPER VESSELS IN PROCESS OF EXCAVATION.



WITH A RAM'S HEAD AS HANDLE DECORATION: A COPPER DISH OF THE PARTHIAN PERIOD AT TAXILA.



TYPICAL OF THE METAL-WORKER'S ART AT TAXILA UNDER PARTHIAN RULE: A BRONZE LEOGRIFF LAMP.

"Of the countless small antiquities," writes Sir John Marshall in his article on the excavations at Taxila (on page 754), "found in the city of Sirkap, a few specimens are reproduced in the twelve photographs (given here). Like the shrine noticed above (in the article), they also serve to illustrate how remarkably hybrid in character, and almost more Greek than Indian, were the arts and culture of Taxila under its Scythic and Parthian rulers." As Sir John explains, many different cities existed there at various periods of the remote past. Having

mentioned the first three, the last of which was visited by Alexander the Great, he continues: "The next city, now known as Sirkap, was built by the Bactrian Greeks a little to the north-east of old Taxila, and on the other side of the Tamra stream. A century later it was destroyed and rebuilt by their successors, the Scythians, and again rebuilt by the Parthians. Little has yet been done to explore the Scythic and Greek strata; but a large area of the Parthian city has been exposed." It was here that the above objects were discovered.

NEW LIGHT ON EARLY NORTH-WEST INDIAN CULTURE :

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY SIR JOHN MARSHALL.



THE MOST IMPOSING OF THE BUDDHIST MONUMENTS YET FOUND IN THE PANJAB: THE GREAT STUPA OF THE ROYAL LAW (OF THE 1ST CENTURY B.C.) AMID ITS MANY SHRINES AND CHAPELS.



WHERE ALEXANDER REFRESHED HIS TROOPS BEFORE ATTACKING PORUS: TAXILA (SO NAMED BY HIS MEN)—A CORNER OF THE UPPERMOST CITY ON THE BHIR MOUND, AS EXCAVATED.

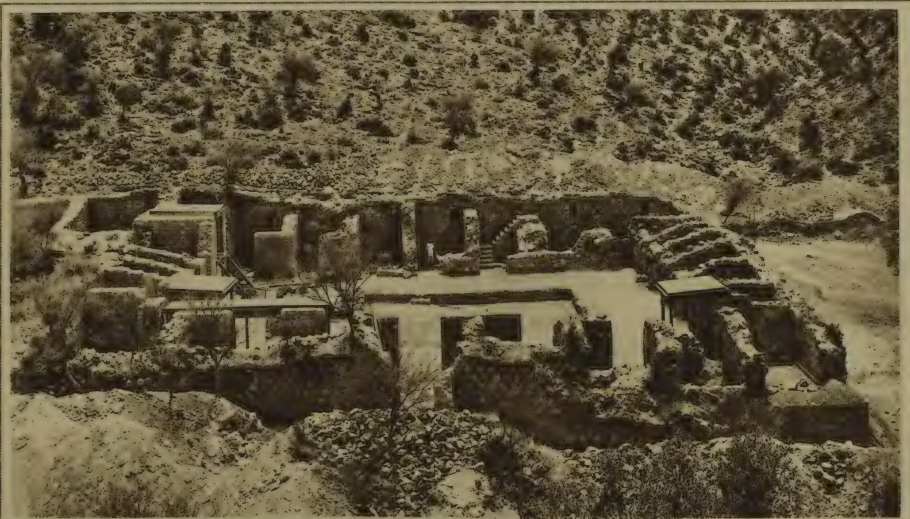
"The excavations at Taxila," writes Sir John Marshall, "which have been going on for the past nine winters, are revolutionising our knowledge of the early culture in the north-west of India, but have not hitherto been noticed in any of the English newspapers." In his article on page 754, he says: "Taxila is of immemorial antiquity . . . and seems to conjure up visions of that clash of East and West which recurred time after time in the plains of the Panjab. . . . The city which was standing in the fourth century B.C. is the topmost of the three cities on the Bhir Mound. This is the one described by Alexander's historians, and the one which—after 2000 years—is again being brought to the light of day." Regarding other excavations outside Taxila, Sir John writes: "A lofty mound outside Sirkap has proved to contain a fine Ionic temple built probably for Fire-worship. In plan it resembles a Greek peripteral temple,

EXCAVATIONS AT TAXILA, UNEARTHED AFTER 2000 YEARS.

DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF ARCHEOLOGY IN INDIA.



LIKE A GREEK PERIPTERAL TEMPLE, BUT WITH WINDOWED WALL INSTEAD OF THE USUAL PERISTYLE: AN IONIC TEMPLE OF FIRE-WORSHIPPERS (OF THE 1ST CENTURY B.C.) AT JANDIAL.



WHERE INNUMERABLE SCULPTURES OF THE GRÆCO-BUDDHIST SCHOOL HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED: A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE EXCAVATED MONASTERY AT MOHRA-MORADU.

but the usual peristyle is replaced at the sides and back of this temple by a wall pierced with large windows. . . . It is not unlikely that this is the temple, described by Philostratus, where Apollonius and his companion Damis awaited the permission of the Parthian King to enter the city, and where they saw hanging on the walls of the shrine the brazen tablets portraying the battles of Porus and Alexander. The other monuments unearthed are chiefly Buddhist, and comprise the finest and most richly decorated examples of monasteries and stupas yet discovered in the Panjab. Most imposing among them is the great Stupa of the Royal Law, originally erected in the first century B.C. . . . Still better preserved and still richer in treasures, though smaller in themselves, are the monuments at Mohra-Moradu and Jaulian." Sculptures found there are illustrated on page 758.

THE MERGING OF GRÆCO-BUDDHIST AND HINDU ART: TAXILA "FINDS."

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY SIR JOHN MARSHALL, DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF ARCHÆOLOGY IN INDIA.



SHOWING FINE RHYTHMICAL TREATMENT OF THE DRAPERIES: STUCCO SCULPTURES DISCOVERED IN THE MONASTERY OF MOHRA-MORADU.



A RICH "FIND" OF EARLY BUDDHIST ART: A PEEP AMONG THE STUPAS EXCAVATED AT JAULIAN.



UNIQUE IN INDIA: CLAY RELIEFS BAKED INTO TERRA-COTTA WHEN HUNS BURNT THE JAULIAN MONASTERY.



ADMIRABLE EXAMPLES OF THE GRÆCO-BUDDHIST SCHOOL DURING THE PERIOD OF ITS DECLINE: STUCCO RELIEFS ADORNING A STUPA AT JAULIAN.

Describing the Buddhist monuments at Mohra-Moradu and Jaulian, in his account of the Taxila excavations (see page 782), Sir John Marshall says: "Innumerable sculptures in relief still adorn the walls, and among them are many admirable examples of the Græco-Buddhist School during the period of its decline, when it was merging into the Gupta style of Hindustan. The majority of these reliefs are of stucco, but there are a few also (and these are unique in India) of clay, for, though clay was commonly used for such reliefs in the old days, it is a very

perishable material, and it is only to the fact that these monasteries were burnt out by the White Huns that we owe the fortunate preservation of these reliefs, which were converted by the heat of the flames into terra-cotta. In the clay group reproduced on this page, the figure of the bearded donor—a foreigner with Persian cap, jewelled belt, and laced leggings—is strikingly well modelled, but it is amusing to observe the relatively small scale on which his wife—beside him—is portrayed. In those days the spirit of the Suffragette had not yet asserted itself!"

LEARNING GOLF IN THE DARK: A NEW EXERCISE FOR LONDONERS.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY C. E. TURNER.



PLAYING A ROUND WITHOUT MOVING FROM THE FIRST TEE: GOLFING IN AN ARTIFICIALLY LIGHTED CUBICLE,
AT THE ALL-WEATHER SCHOOL.

The latest exercise for Londoners is provided by the All-Weather Golf School, where golf enthusiasts may correct their faults and enjoy a round without leaving the first tee, and beginners can take instruction in the shots—all by means of the target system. Our illustration shows how this all-weather golf, which can be played by day or artificial light, is arranged. Large nets, marked with targets to indicate the elevation and direction of the shot, have been erected, and each player is accommodated with a tee in a separate cubicle, from which the ball is driven over the bunker guarding the net. After the drive the following shots may be

played, a method of scoring by penalty having been arranged for each stage of the game. Putting greens are provided, so that the players can actually hole out. The minor arrangements of the school, which is in Melbury Road, Kensington, are extremely ingenious. When, for instance, the ball strikes the net, it falls into a run-away and rolls round to a point from which all balls are collected by ball-boys. Our artist has pictured a lady pupil driving, while her instructor watches her. A ball struck by a player in the next cubicle may be seen in flight towards the net.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]

ITALY'S NEW *RINASCIMENTO*: THE FASCISTI MARCH THROUGH ROME.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PORRY-PASTOREL, MORANO-PISCULLI, AGENZIA FOTOGRAFICA ITALIANA, C.N., AND KEYSTONE VIEW CO.



HEADING THE FASCISTI IN THEIR MARCH INTO ROME: (L. TO R.) GENERALS CAPELLO (SECOND FROM LEFT), FARA, AND CECCHERINI.



SALUTING IN THE ROMAN MANNER BY STRETCHING OUT THE HAND—NOW THE RECOGNISED STYLE IN ITALY: A TROOP OF FASCISTI.



ROYAL APPROVAL OF THE FASCISTI DURING THEIR GREAT MARCH THROUGH ROME ON OCTOBER 31: PART OF THE LONG PROCESSION PASSING BEFORE THE KING OF ITALY AT THE QUIRINAL.



FASCISTI MAKING BONFIRES OF SOCIALIST NEWSPAPERS IN THE STREETS OF ROME: A SLIGHT DISTURBANCE DURING A VERY ORDERLY REVOLUTION.



THE TALL LEADER OF THE FASCISTI FORCES: GENERAL NOVELLI, IN HIS BLACK SHIRT WITH MANY MEDALS.

The great march of the Fascisti through Rome on October 31 lasted over six hours, and was carried out in perfect order. The procession passed the Altar of the Fatherland, and then went on to the palace of the Quirinal to salute the King of Italy. Their style of saluting, which has now been generally adopted in Italy, is the old Roman method of stretching out the hand. It was seen in London on November 4, the Italian Armistice Day (and the fourth anniversary of Italy's victory over Austria), when a deputation of Fascisti laid a wreath on the Unknown Warrior's grave in Westminster Abbey, and also saluted the Cenotaph in Whitehall.

The salute was accompanied by the cry of "A Noi." On the same day there was a memorial ceremony in Rome, where members of the new Government knelt in prayer before the tomb of the Italian Unknown Soldier, at the Altar of the Fatherland in the Piazza Venezia. In a message to the nation Signor Mussolini said: "The Government understands how to govern and will govern. All its energies will be directed to the maintenance of internal peace and the increasing of Italy's prestige abroad." It is only by work, discipline, and concord that the Fatherland will emerge from the present crisis."

THE STRONG MAN OF ITALY: A PATRIOTIC REVOLUTIONARY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY G. CAMINADA, MILAN.



THE NEW PREMIER OF ITALY WHO IS ALSO MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR AND OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS:
SIGNOR BENITO MUSSOLINI, FOUNDER AND CHIEF OF THE VICTORIOUS FASCISTI.

In the new Government formed after the successful Fascisti rising, Signor Mussolini became not only Prime Minister, but also Minister of the Interior and Minister of Foreign Affairs. He announced a home policy of "law and order." The Fascist movement was a patriotic reaction of the youth of Italy against the Bolshevism which became rampant two years ago and, by the seizure of factories, threatened to ruin the country. Mussolini himself is still young—only

thirty-nine. He was born in 1883, near Forlì, in Romagna, the son of a blacksmith, and became, like his father, an ardent Socialist. His early life was a hard struggle. The war completely changed his views. He resigned the editorship of the Socialist "Avanti," and founded at Milan his own paper, the "Popolo d'Italia." Then he served at the front in 1915 as a sergeant of Bersaglieri, and was wounded. In personal appearance he has been described as "a Napoleon turned pugilist."

"AT THE GOING DOWN OF THE SUN AND IN THE MORNING WE WILL REMEMBER THEM."

DRAWN BY A. C. MICHAEL. (COPYRIGHTED.)

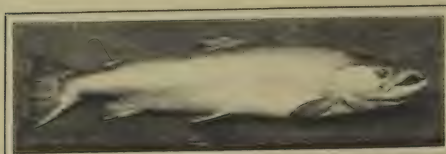


THOSE WHO NEVER FORGET.

There are many thousands for whom the Two Minutes' Pause on Armistice Day means something more personal and intimate than merely taking part in a public tribute of respect for the dead. For the parents who lost their sons, for all, in fact, who lost their loved ones, whatever the relationship, every day is a Day of Remembrance. The spirit of Armistice Day is poignantly illustrated in our drawing, which represents a typical example of those quiet visits to the battlefields of France and Flanders made from time to time by bereaved relatives in every rank of life, under the care of the Imperial War Graves Commission. In some of the cemeteries far inland, such as those near Albert, the permanent headstones, stone cross, and stone of remembrance have not yet been erected, and

wooden crosses with name-plates still mark the graves. Describing such a scene as that which our artist has drawn, an eye-witness writes: "Down into the valley with its tiny graveyard an old couple went. The woman clung to her husband's arm as they made their way along the hillside, dangerous with innumerable pieces of half-buried wire. They entered the wicket-gate, and searched for a moment along the lines of tiny wooden crosses. Suddenly they found the one they sought; their pilgrimage was ended. They had reached their only son's grave. The old man had brought a trowel and some pansies. The flowers were planted. In quiet conversation they lingered for a while, reluctant to leave. Then they climbed the hillside again, and went 'back to the busy world.'"

BIG SALMON CAUGHT IN BRITISH AND NORWEGIAN WATERS: FAMOUS ANGLING TRIUMPHS; AND A NETTED 71-POUNDER.



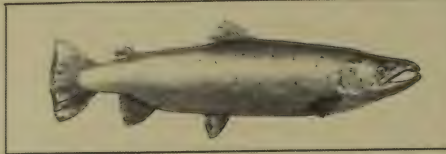
CAUGHT IN THE TWEED BY MR. HOWARD ST. GEORGE IN FEBRUARY 1921:
A 51-LB. SALMON (4 FT. 6 IN. LONG BY 24 IN. GIRTH).



CAUGHT IN THE AWE BY MR. A. W. HUNTINGTON IN JULY 1921:
A 56-LB. SALMON (4 FT. 4 IN. BY 27 IN.).



CAUGHT IN THE RIVER EVANGER, NORWAY, BY MR. J. ARTHUR HULTON
ON JULY 9, 1922: A 58-LB. SALMON (4 FT. 4 IN. BY 29 IN.).



CAUGHT IN THE EDEN BY MR. LOWTHER BRIDGER IN 1888:
A 60-LB. SALMON (4 FT. 6 IN. BY 27 IN.).

OUR publication of a page photograph (in our issue of October 21) of Miss Ballantine and her record 64-lb. Tay salmon, has caused so much interest that we have asked Mr. R. B. Marston, the well-known angler, to write the following account of other famous catches. "The year 1922," he says, "will be a red-letter year in the history of salmon-angling. I doubt if ever before were so many great fish captured on rod and line in one season. As will be seen from our notes, which do not pretend to be complete, the fair sex is well represented among the captors. That delightful American angling author, poet, and essayist, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, said in his 'Little Rivers': 'There is nothing that attracts human nature more powerfully than the sport of tempting the unknown with a fishing-line.' Fortunately, as is sometimes believed to be the case with the statements of anglers, there is a substratum of error in the doctor's dictum; otherwise, in our inland waters at least, fish would long ago have been fished out. Every year it is becoming more difficult to find a place where we can 'tempt the unknown' with a fishing-line."

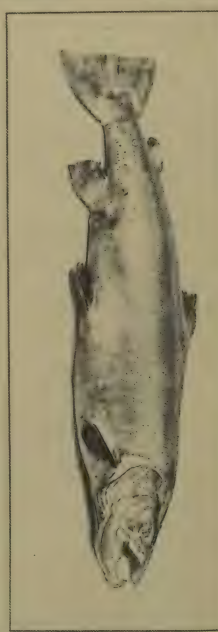
"In looking at the pictures of great fish which have been safely landed, or in reading records of their weights and sizes, the angler, at least, will conjure up the details and surroundings of their capture. To him a 'salmon river' brings to mind some noble stream in glorious scenery. To find oneself amid such surroundings, with eyes following the track of your salmon-fly or other lure, away out in the mysterious, rushing water, is in itself a thing worth living for. Then, perhaps, when you least expect it, there is what your gillie—fine man that he almost always is—calls a 'rug.' Among the snowflakes of early spring, or the leaves of autumn, a salmon fresh from the sea has seen your fly, and closed its jaws on it. A few seconds of wondering indecision as to what it can be—no young herring or sea-shrimp ever tasted like this thing—then, as if in a panic of rage, the fish tears your line off the screaming reel as it makes its first rush out into the deepest, strongest part of the stream. And then everything but the fight with the fish, and how you can follow and beat him, is forgotten—but one's first fight with a salmon, never!"

"We have records of at least fifteen salmon weighing over 60 lb., and three or four times that number over 50 lb. I am referring to European salmon—salmo salar, as the Romans called it. The salmon of the great rivers of the Pacific Coast of British Columbia and the United States have been caught up to and over 100 lb., but are not quite the same species."

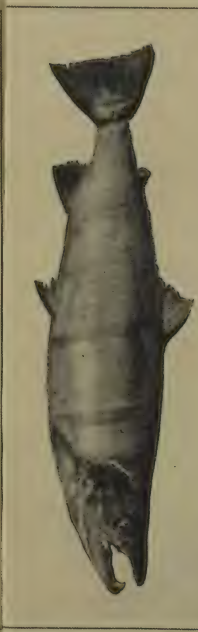
MISS GEORGINA W. BALLANTINE'S 64-LB. TAY SALMON.

"The following is a copy of the account I had in the 'Fishing Gazette' of Oct. 14, 1922, of Miss G. W. Ballantine's great fight with her record Tay salmon. [See 'The Illustrated London News' of Oct. 21 last.] The account was sent to me by Mr. Gilbert D. Malloch, of Perth, on whose rod and tackle it was taken—"

"The river was in excellent ply during the greater part of last week. A small spate took place on Thursday which interfered with sport on a few of the



THE NEW TAY RECORD: THE 64-LB. SALMON (4 FT. 5 IN. BY 28 IN.) CAUGHT BY MISS G. W. BALLANTINE IN GLENDELVINE WATER ON OCTOBER 7.



THE WORLD'S RECORD ATLANTIC SALMON CAUGHT WITH ROD AND LINE: A 69-LB. FISH (4 FT. 8 IN. LONG, TAKEN BY JENS GRIMSTAD IN THE EVANGER, AUG. 1922.

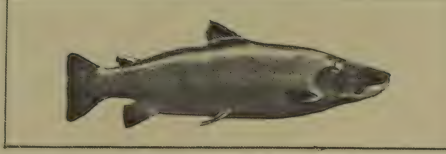
boats, but, being of short duration, its immediate effect was shortlived. Magnificent sport was obtained on the majority of the boats, particularly on Melkleur and Cargill. On the former stretch the day's catch on several occasions exceeded ten fish. Several very heavy fish were landed during the week, pride of place being given to a magnificent male fish of 64 lb., caught by Miss Ballantine on Glendelvine Water on Saturday, 7th inst. On the evening of that day Miss Ballantine went out with her father, Mr. James Ballantine, fisherman for A. P. Lyle, Esq., of Glendelvine. As is customary in harling, three rods were used, fly and bait, the successful lure being a dace, which was seized at a quarter-past six. A magnificent fight took place, occupying fully two hours, during which the fish took its captor down through Caputh Bridge and was finally gaffed half a mile below the point at which the struggle began. The fish was carefully weighed on a tested steelyard half an hour after its capture, and, as already stated, its weight was 64 lb. It measured 54 in. in length and 24 in. in girth. The fish was in perfect condition and fresh run, with sea lice still adhering to its tail. A search among previous records would indicate that Miss Ballantine's fish is a record for the Tay with rod and line. During the last sixty years only two other fish exceeding 60 lb. appear to have been taken with rod and line, one of 63 lb., caught in the free water below Perth by Mr. Stewart in Oct. 1907; and one of 61 lb., caught on Stanley Water

by Mr. John Haggart, in March, 1870. Miss Ballantine caught her first salmon when nine years of age, and, just before she hooked her 64-pounder, had landed three fine salmon of 17 lb., 21 lb., and 25 lb., making a total of 127 lb., a record which may be the best for a century or more. Besides being a keen angler, Miss Ballantine is a crack shot with the miniature rifle, and did fine work with the Red Cross in France."

THE 69-LB. NORWEGIAN SALMON (RECORD FOR ROD AND LINE).
"Thanks to my correspondent Mr. H. B. Isachsen of Stavanger, I am able to let 'The Illustrated London News,' who asked me for three notes (hurriedly put together), reproduce a photograph of the monster 69-lb. salmon caught with rod and line on the Evanger River, Norway, by Jens Grimstad, and his account of his fight with it. It is the world's record salmo salar taken by an angler—"

"Dear Sir,—Referring to previous correspondence re above, I give you below translation of letter from Mr. Jens Grimstad, the lucky angler, which may interest you:—"

"At last I am able to send you the promised photo of the big salmon I caught on Aug. 19 last. I have made inquiries re the big salmon you mentioned as having been caught last year in the Aare River, and am informed that same was caught more than one month earlier than mine, and I therefore believe that my fish would have weighed several kilos more had he been taken so much earlier in the year. As you will notice from the photo, he has not the depth that he ought to have in proportion to his length. As you will also notice, it was a male salmon. The photo shows some [faded text]."



CAUGHT IN THE DEVERON BY COLONEL SCOTT IN 1920: A 56-LB. SALMON (4 FT. 2 IN. BY 29 IN.).



SAID TO BE THE AUTHENTIC RECORD FOR THE BRITISH ISLES: A 71-LB. SALMON (4 FT. 4 IN. BY 32 IN.) CAUGHT BY NETS IN THE TAY ON JUNE 21, 1870.



CAUGHT IN THE TWEED BY DR. E. T. FISON IN OCTOBER 1922:
A 51-LB. SALMON (4 FT. 2 IN. BY 27 IN.).

Continued.

equine stripes across the side, which are due to the fish having been left over the night on some narrow boards. I can also tell you that I believe I was about breaking my own record two days after catching above fish, inasmuch as I lost another salmon that was really much broader. But I am sorry to say I was very unlucky, or, rather, the gillie was, because in trying to gaff the fish he broke my line, in spite of the salmon lying absolutely motionless. Is not this too bad? I was in bad spirits several days after, and when I think of it I am still vexed. With regards. (Signed) JENS GRIMSTAD, angler near Bulken per Bergen." I also enclose the photo, which shows clearly the length of the fish, when comparing same with the floorings forming the wall of the house. Particularly those of your readers who have been in Norway will be able to make this comparison. The length of this salmon being 1 metre 44 cm. (or 56.693 in.), do you not think that same must be considered the biggest, or at least the longest, known salmon ever caught by rod or by net? The Tay salmon caught by net in June 1870, and weighing 71 lb., was 53 in. long, but with a tremendous girth, and this is, I presume,

really the heaviest salmon known to have been caught in the United Kingdom. In the Pasvik River—or, rather, close to the mouth of this river—a salmon weighing 33 kilos (72.75 lb.) was caught by net in 1886. (Reported by Mr. Klerck, bailiff, of Elvenes.) This is, as far as I know, the heaviest Norwegian salmon on record. I remain, Dear Sir, yours truly, H. B. ISACHSEN, Stavanger." I am much obliged to Mr. Isachsen for kindly sending these particulars and the photograph which is reproduced. Most anglers would be satisfied if they could boast of having caught a 69-lb. salmon; no doubt that is why Mr. Grimstad can speak so moderately of the other monster he lost, or, rather, of the gillie who lost it for him. I think Mr. Isachsen is very likely right in claiming this as the biggest rod-and-net caught salmon—that is to say, as far as Atlantic salmon are concerned. Considerably larger specimens of Pacific salmon have been recorded from American waters. Mr. James Arthur Hulton, who has caught so many heavy salmon on the Wye, when fishing in Norway on July 9 of this year, after a great fight in very heavy water landed his record—a grand fish of 58 lb."

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

"*ELLES sont surhumaines, vraiment divines, quand on y songe, les cathédrales!*" That exclamation of J. K. Huysmans in *La Cathédrale* will occur to many readers of Mr. Hugh Walpole's remarkable new novel, "THE CATHEDRAL" (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.); but when they lay the book down, they may be tempted to pause with a question upon the epithet *divines*. They dare not reject it, but they will be inclined to ask whether the description is complete. For Mr. Walpole, while he brings out with sufficient force the superhuman and divine qualities of the Cathedral, suggests yet another, which gives Huysmans' words a turn of startling paradox. In future, thanks to Mr. Walpole, the mystical Frenchman's phrase must be altered to "*vraiment divines et diaboliques*."

It is the interweaving of the sinister with the gracious element in the soul of Polchester Cathedral that makes Mr. Walpole's story something quite original in what we may call Minster Fiction. No former novelist has seized quite so powerfully upon the cathedral fabric and made it a living character in the drama, an obsessing individuality at once benign and forbidding. Trollope did not rise to this. If you glance again through "*Barchester Towers*," you will be surprised to see how very small a part the cathedral building plays in the novel. Only once do we cross its doors or listen to a service. Even then the impression of architecture and ceremonial remains indefinite; the writer is entirely concerned with what he called "the Platonic 'idea' of a cathedral town" and with "clerical nature of either sex." The pervasive spell of the Minster, its chiselled outlines, its jewelled windows, its *orgues mugissantes des vents* (the phrase is again Huysmans') found expression in Mrs. Stephenson's "*St. Olave's*," an old "three-decker" novel of 1863; but there these things do not enter, as with Mr. Walpole, into the essential texture of the story. They are mere decoration, and have no moulding effect upon the characters for good or evil. It would not occur to any of them to fancy, like Mr. Walpole's Falk Brandon, "that the Cathedral also was aware and, aloof, immortal, waited the inevitable hour."

Trollope considered the ecclesiastical setting of his Barchester tales merely an accident. He admitted "perhaps a touch of Salisbury, sometimes perhaps of Winchester." Points of identification with these are easily discovered. But Mr. Walpole's Polchester is far more composite and elusive. It will defy anyone to pin it down to a particular place. The legend of Polchester's martyred Black Bishop might suggest Canterbury; the King Harry Tower recalls the Bell Harry Tower of the same minster. Polchester Cathedral stands on a rock that might be Durham, were it not for the indication of astonishing height. The Black Bishop's enemies, we are told, "were flung down, many thousand feet, to the waters of the Pol." This rivalry of Ben Nevis or Snowdon puts Polchester in a category of eminence by itself. We do not quarrel with the poetical licence. In fiction all things are possible, so long as they are expedient. Here and there some local touches seem to be borrowed from Devonshire.

But the search for an original of Polchester is interesting only in relation to its creator. No doubt Mr. Walpole has had intimate experience of some English cathedral city, but the complexity of the elements from which he has built up his scene leads one to surmise that his knowledge, as well as his picture, is general rather than particular. As the son of a Scottish bishop, he must know at first hand cathedral society as it exists north

of the Tweed; but that society is not the same thing as in England. There is no exact Scottish parallel to the community of an English cathedral Close or Precincts. The ancient Scottish cathedrals are in the hands of the Presbyterians; they possess no Dean and Chapter, and are now merely great parish churches.

for it represents only another of the denominations, and that not the most powerful, of the Church in Scotland.

All clerical society, as Trollope showed in discussing his Barchester series, has a common factor or common factors, and Scotland may very well have given Mr. Walpole some material for his characters, but England alone can have provided his scene and his atmosphere. If he did not actually grow up amid the life he describes, his picture is all the more creditable to his powers of observation and intuition.

Apart from the story, which is excellent, "The Cathedral" interested me chiefly by the reality and rightness of its ecclesiastical portraiture on the professional side. Here it contrasts sharply with the method of Trollope, who tells us that he meant his characters to be "typical actors and actresses in the comedy of life on the domestic and provincial stage. I costumed and styled my people ecclesiastically for the sake of novelty. Beyond that I never intended my clerical portraiture to go." Mr. Walpole's Churchmen are not mere domestic and provincial types dressed up in Roman collars and cassocks. They live the clerical life and are agitated by more spiritual Church questions than Trollope ventured to touch. The main motive of the drama is the duel between the conservative Archdeacon Brandon and the modernist Canon Ronder, the latter one of the most subtle and subtly drawn intriguers in fiction. To watch him cast his net about Brandon, in full Chapter and in private conferences, is to realise with delight that Mr. Walpole has made a new advance in his art. Ronder is a masterpiece. Apparently a self-effacing hedonist, he contrives in a few months' time to become the dominating personality of Polchester, and to drive the once-masterful Archdeacon out of influence and out of life. Ronder ought to stand beside Balzac's Abbé Troubert as a great type in fiction of the man with the lie in his soul. He seems hardly to be aware of his own crooked dealing, so gently imperceptible, so gradual, but in its results so crushingly final. I question if even George Eliot has handled this human flaw with greater skill. There are many more threads in the book—admirable portraits of women strong and frail, all the minor by-play and gossip of Cathedral society, symbolised as "*The Whispering Gallery*"; an exquisite etching of the aged Bishop, and the strong, almost fanatical figure of the honest modernist, Canon Foster; but Archdeacon Brandon and his enemy, Canon Ronder, out-top them, and over all broods the Cathedral "with its dark, menacing shadow," its organ "like a muffled giant whispering to be liberated from the grey, confining walls." "That place," says the Archdeacon's young daughter, "is going to do us harm." When you read how that came about, you will, I feel sure, agree with me that "The Cathedral" is a great book.

Here are two curious points. A serio-comic incident, that where the circus elephant steals and crushes the Archdeacon's hat, thereby beginning the priest's

public discredit, is so out of the way that one wonders how such a thing occurred to the author. Can it possibly have been suggested, subconsciously, by Huysmans' description of animal symbolism in ecclesiastical legend, where an elephant crushes a dragon? The other odd coincidence is that Mr. Walpole's Archdeacon and the heroine of Mrs. Stephenson's "*St. Olave's*" are both named Brandon.



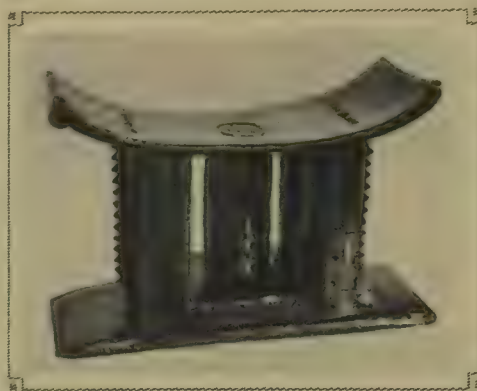
"A GIFT ON HER WEDDING FOR THE KING'S CHILD, PRINCESS MARY": A REPLICA OF THE SILVER STOOL OF THE QUEEN-MOTHERS OF ASHANTI.

This stool from the Queen-Mothers and women of Ashanti was presented to Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles, at Chesterfield House on October 28, by Lady Guggisberg, wife of Sir Frederick Guggisberg, Governor of the Gold Coast.—[Photograph by Topical.]

About their walls clusters no group of resident clergy with their families. The Scottish Episcopal Church has, it is true, its cathedrals and its cathedral organisation, but only in Edinburgh does the chief church of



BROUGHT TO ENGLAND ABOUT 1874: AN ASHANTI STOOL (9 IN. HIGH).



ALSO DATING FROM ABOUT 1874: A SIMILAR ASHANTI STOOL (9 IN. HIGH).



ANOTHER RELIC OF THE 1873 CAMPAIGN AN ASHANTI STOOL FROM COOMASSIE.



GIVEN TO LORD LYTFELION 70 YEARS AGO: AN ASHANTI STOOL (31 IN. HIGH).

The two stools at the top were brought home from Ashanti about 1874 by Sir Owen Lanyon, who gave one (that on the left) to his sister, Mrs. Hollams, and the other to Lady Frederick Cavendish. The third one belongs to Colonel W. T. Dooner, who brought it from Coomassie in 1873. The fourth is in Lord Cobham's possession at Hagley Hall. Further particulars are given on p. 770.

Photographs by Allwork, Tonbridge; C. G. Mason, Stourbridge; and by Courtesy of Colonel W. T. Dooner.

the diocese attain the dignity of a cathedral proper. This, the stately St. Mary's, is barely fifty years old, and, although fully equipped with canonical staff and services, is only a faint counterpart of an English minster. It lacks the immemorial tradition, the centralised and exclusive clerical life. Without offence, it may be said to lack also the distinction of an English metropolitan church and its adjuncts,

"NOT FORGOTTEN": WAR MEMORIALS IN LONDON AND THE PROVINCES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., C.N., AND TOPICAL.



COMMEMORATING 22,000 OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE ROYAL FUSILIERS: THE MEMORIAL UNVEILED AT HOLBORN BARS BY THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.



WITH HIS CROZIER BORNE BY AN OFFICER: THE BISHOP OF LONDON AT HOLBORN BARS.



WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES, THOUGH PREVENTED BY HIS HUNTING ACCIDENT FROM PERFORMING THE CEREMONY, WAS PRESENT IN A MOTOR-CAR: THE UNVEILING OF THE MIDDLESEX REGIMENT WAR MEMORIAL AT MILL HILL.



SHOWING ADMIRAL SIR DOVETON STURDEE HOLDING THE CORD READY TO LOWER THE FLAG: THE UNVEILING OF THE WOLVERHAMPTON WAR MEMORIAL.



IN MEMORY OF CAPTAIN THE HON. T. C. AGAR ROBARTES, M.P.: A MEMORIAL AT ST. AUSTELL—SIR CLIFFORD CORY SPEAKING BEFORE THE UNVEILING.

The Royal Fusiliers' War Memorial at Holborn Bars to the 22,000 officers and men of the regiment who fell in the war, was unveiled on November 4 by Sir John Baddeley as Lord Mayor of London, and the Bishop of London performed the dedication. The monument is surmounted by a fine bronze statue, the work of Mr. Albert Toft, the well-known sculptor, representing a private of the Royal Fusiliers in full fighting kit, in the attitude of victory. A cabinet containing the Roll of Honour was handed over to the Lord Mayor for safe keeping in the Guildhall.—On the same day there was unveiled at Mill Hill Barracks a war

memorial to 12,694 officers and men of the Middlesex Regiment. The Prince of Wales, as Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment, was present in his motor-car, but was unable to perform the ceremony (as had been arranged), owing to his recent accident in the hunting-field. The memorial was unveiled on his behalf by Lieut.-General Sir Ivor Maxse, Colonel of the Regiment, and was dedicated by Bishop Taylor-Smith, Chaplain-General to the Forces. It was designed by Mr. J. G. Peacock.—The memorial at St. Austell, Cornwall, to Captain Agar Robartes, M.P., was subscribed for by members of the Lords and Commons.

LIFE AND THE INSECT—THE GRILLED COSSI.

"MORE BEETLES." By J. HENRI FABRE.*

HENRI FABRE, writing of *Minotaurus typhæus*, black-beetle and relative of the earth-borers, excused and explained: "What is the use of this record, what the use of all this minute research? I well know that it will not bring about a fall in the price of pepper, a rise in that of crates of rotten cabbages, or other serious events of this sort, which cause fleets to be manned and set people face to face intent upon exterminating one another. The insect does not aspire to so much glory. It confines itself to showing us life in all the inexhaustible variety of its manifestations. It helps us to decipher in some small measure the obscurest book of all, the book of ourselves."

And it exhibits, above everything, the basic cruelty of existence in this world; that grim "get-on-or-get-out" principle, more euphemistically termed the Survival of the Fittest, which is the most evident characteristic of peoples and of parasites.

What a business it is! Birth, feeding and fighting, death! And always the economy of Nature, wasting nothing, putting everything into the simmering pot, there to mix and to melt, that the seething mass may be moulded into fresh form. "Poor swallow-tail coat of mine, of supple broadcloth, companion of my drudgery and witness of my poverty, I abandon you without regret for the peasant's jacket; you are reposing in a drawer with a few bags of camphorated lavender; the housewife keeps an eye on you and shakes you from time to time. Useless pains! You will perish by the clothes-moths, as the mole perishes by the maggot, the snake by the *dermestes*, and we ourselves by..."

With, of course, the provision against superfertility: the little flea upon the lesser flea and so *ad infinitum*. "Twenty thousand, Réaumer tells us, twenty thousand embryos in the body of the Grey Flesh-fly! Twenty thousand! What does she want with this formidable family? With offspring that reproduce themselves several times in a year, does she intend to dominate the world? She would be capable of it. Speaking of the bluebottle, who is far less prolific, Linnaeus already wrote: 'Three Flies consume the carcass of a Horse as quickly as a Lion could do it.'

"What could not the other accomplish?"

"Réaumer reassures us: 'Despite such amazing fertility,' he says, 'these sorts of flies are not commoner than others which resemble them and in whose ovaries we find only two eggs. The maggots of the former are seemingly destined to feed other insects, which very few of them escape.'

Certainly, many insects are charged expressly with the work of extirpation, and act as professional butchers, scavengers and undertakers, with board, if not lodging, for their pains. But, preying, they are preyed upon. So the wheel turns eternally, shattering perfect mechanism into splintered bone and palpitating pulp.

Man, even, plays—and has played—his part. His interests have been hygienic and gastronomic. He has crushed beetles, swatted flies, and deprived mosquitoes of their stagnant breeding-pools, and he has rejoiced in the consumption of fine, fat grubs!

Fabre plotted a strange Shrove Tuesday dinner. "The unusual dish consists of Cossi, a famous delicacy in the days of antiquity.

"The Romans, when they had devoured their fill of nations, besotted by excessive luxury, took to eating worms. Pliny tells us:

"*Romanis in hoc luxuria esse coepit, praegrandesque roborem vermes delicatioris sunt in cibo; cossus vocant.*"

"What are these worms exactly? The Latin naturalist is not very explicit; he tells us nothing at all except that they live in the trunks of oaks. No matter; with this detail we cannot go astray. The worm in question is the larva of the Great Capricorn (*Cerambyx heros*). A frequent inmate of the oak, it is, in fact, a lusty grub and attracts one's attention

by its resemblance to a fat, white sausage. But the expression *praegrandesque roborem vermes* should, to my thinking, be generalised a little. Pliny was no precisian. Having occasion to speak of a big worm, he mentions that of the oak, the commonest of the larger ones; and he overlooks the others, or takes them for granted, probably failing to distinguish them from the first."

Fabre had wider outlook. "We shall find," he wrote, "other worms no less worthy of the title of Cossus than the Oak-worm, for instance the worm of the chestnut tree, the larva of the Stag-beetle."

"One indispensable condition must be fulfilled to earn the celebrated name: the grub must be plump, of a good size, and not too repulsive in appearance. Now, by a curious freak of scientific nomenclature it happens that the name of Cossus has been allotted to the mighty caterpillar (of the Great Goat-moth) whose galleries honeycomb old willows; a hideous, malodorous creature, the colour of wine-lees. No gullet, not even a Roman's, would have dared to swallow

a fine white flame. . . . The joint is juicy, tender, and very savory. The taste reminds one a little of burnt almonds flavoured with the merest suggestion of vanilla. In short, the dish of worms is pronounced to be most agreeable, one might even say first-rate. . . . The skin alone leaves something to be desired: it is very tough. One might describe the new dish as the daintiest of force-meat, wrapped in parchment; the inside is delicious, but the outside defies the teeth."

Incidentally, Fabre proved that Pliny was right when he said that the worms were fattened with meal, to improve their flavour; although he doubted the story of the art of rearing edible snails as practised by one Fulvius Hirpinus. "The herd destined to be fattened were placed in a park surrounded by water to prevent escape, and furnished with earthenware vases to serve as shelters. Fed on a paste of flour and syrupy wine, the snails became enormous. Notwithstanding all my respect for the venerable naturalist," commented the modern, "I cannot believe that molluscs thrive so remarkably when put on a diet of flour and syrupy wine. These are childish exaggerations. . . . Pliny artlessly repeats the talk of the country folk of his day."

That was not Fabre's way: he must watch and learn and experiment for himself—even to the extent of the dish of roasted worms when he would have preferred a handful of cherries!

The results of his labours are world-famous, and "More Beetles" is typical of the rest, which is to say that it grips the reader as surely as the deadlier of the species grips the male Gold Beetle!

The fascination of fact is emphasised in every line. Witness a paragraph or two:

"In my part of the country, we had a very peculiar spring in this year, 1906. It snowed hard on the 22nd and 23rd of March. Never in this district had I seen so heavy and especially so late a fall of snow. It was followed by an endless drought, which turned the country into a dust-heap.

"In the apparatus, in which my watchful care maintained the requisite moisture, the mother *minotaurus* seemed protected against this calamity. There is nothing to tell us, however, that she was not fully cognisant, through the thickness of the planks, of what was happening, or rather about to happen, outside. Gifted with an exquisite sense of atmosphere, she had a presentiment of the terrible drought, fatal to grubs lodged too near the surface. Being unable to reach the deep places recommended by instinct, she died without laying her eggs."

Again: "*Minotaurus*, to settle his family, requires a lodging of extravagant depth, such as is dug by no other burrower of my acquaintance. . . . At nesting-time . . . they descend to a great depth underground. Why? Because their family, which is hatched about June, must find soft food awaiting it at a time when the heat of summer will bake the soil as hard as a brick. The tiny sausage (their

larder's sole provision) if it lay at a depth of ten or twenty inches, would become hard as horn and uneatable; and the grub, incapable of biting into the tough ration, would perish. It is important, therefore, that the victuals should be cellared at a depth where the most violent heat of the sun cannot lead to desiccation."

So much for concrete cases of instinctive guarding against risks; the natural insurance against premature death and freakish happenings, and such calamities as loss of size and vitality. As to the last contingency, lack of food may mean "sports"—a dwarf such as Fabre himself bred by keeping *Cetonix* grubs short of food; a curious little creature, one fourth of the natural size, and destined to prove that "among the insects and very likely elsewhere, dwarfishness is the result of incomplete nutrition and not in any way the effect of predisposition"; that "dwarfishness is an accident which heredity does not hand down, any more than it hands down knock-knees, or bow-legs, and the hunchback's hump or the stump of the one-armed cripple."

E. H. G.



APOCRYPHAL DRAMA WITH BAKST DÉCOR, IN PARIS: JUDITH (MME. SIMONE) IN THE TENT OF HOLOFERNES (M. GRÉILLAT), IN ACT II. OF M. HENRY BERNSTEIN'S NEW PLAY, "JUDITH," AT THE THÉÂTRE GYMNASIE.

M. Henry Bernstein has turned from modern comedy to romantic drama with a Biblical setting, in his new play, "Judith," based on the famous story in the Apocrypha. It was produced recently at his own theatre in Paris, the Gymnase, with Mme. Simone in the name-part and M. Gréillot as Holofernes. The costumes were designed by M. Léon Bakst. Our illustration shows the moment in the second Act when Holofernes perceives that Judith has come to kill him.—[From the Drawing by René Lelong.]

anything so loathsome. The Cossus of the modern naturalists is certainly not that of the epicures of old."

Thus it came that the patient observer, willing to experiment at the expense of his digestive organs and eager to taste nothing but the Simon Pure, decided that the perfect raw materials for his feast were neither the larvæ of the Capricorn nor those of the Stag-beetle, both identified with Pliny's famous worm.

Prying into the rotting stumps of pines, he found, abounding, a worm as thick as his thumb. "Its ivory whiteness," he recorded, "is pleasing to the eye, and its satin-like delicacy is soft to the touch. . . . This must be the Cossus, the true Cossus. . . ."

So the *plat du jour* was planned. The Cossi, "ortolans of entymology," were stuck in a row on a skewer, and grilled over red-hot charcoal. The maker of the feast decreed further: "A pinch of salt, the necessary condiment of our meats, is the only extraneous relish. The roast turns a golden brown, shrivels slowly and sheds a few oily tears, which take fire on touching the coal and burn with

* "More Beetles." By J. Henri Fabre. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. (Haklder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d. net.)

SIR H. J. WOOD AND THE INVISIBLE PIANISTS.



ABSENT PIANISTS PLAY TO AN ENTHUSIASTIC AUDIENCE AT QUEEN'S HALL.

A remarkable concert was recently held at Queen's Hall, where a 'Pianola' Piano ('Duo-Art' Reproducing Model)—untouched by human hands—played Harold Bauer's interpretation of Saint-Saëns' Concerto in G minor, accompanied by the Queen's Hall Orchestra under the direction of Sir

Henry J. Wood. It subsequently accompanied Miss Carrie Tubb in vocal numbers, and Mr. William Murdoch in a pianoforte duet. Pianoforte recordings by Paderewski, Madame Chaminade, Busoni, and Pachmann were also given, the latter listening to his own playing from a seat in the stalls.

ASHANTI STOOLS.

(See Illustrations on Page 766.)

THE gift of a silver stool to Princess Mary by the Queen Mothers of Ashanti opens up an interesting subject, with curious ramifications. With the stool was presented a translation of an address from the senior Queen Mother, Amma Sewa Akoto, who says—

"I place this stool in your hands. It is a gift on her wedding for the King's child, Princess Mary.

"Ashanti stool-makers have carved it, and Ashanti silver-smiths have embossed it. All the Queen Mothers who dwell here in Ashanti have contributed towards it, and, as I am the senior Queen Mother in Ashanti, I stand as representative of all the Queen Mothers, and place it in your hands to send to the King's child.

"It may be that the King's child has heard of the Golden Stool of Ashanti. That is the stool which contains the soul of the Ashanti nation. All we women of Ashanti thank the Governor exceedingly because he has declared to us that the English will never again ask us to hand over that stool. This stool we give gladly. It does not contain our soul as our Golden Stool does, but it contains all the love of us Queen Mothers and of our women. The spirit of this love we have bound to the stool with silver fetters, just as we are accustomed to bind our own spirits to the base of our stools.

"We in Ashanti here have a law which decrees that it is the daughters of a Queen who alone can transmit royal blood, and that the children of a King cannot be heirs to that stool. This law has given us women a power in this land so that we have a saying which runs: 'It is the woman who bears the man.'

"We hear that her law is not so; nevertheless we have great joy in sending her our congratulations, and we pray the great God Nyankopon, on whom men lean and do not fall, whose day of worship is a

Saturday, and whom the Ashantis serve just as she serves Him, that he may give the King's child and her husband long life and happiness, and finally, when she sits upon this silver stool, which the women of Ashanti have made for

1895-6, when King Prempeh was removed and a Protectorate established. Non-compliance with the order led to the siege of Coomassie in 1900, and the stool remained hidden for twenty-three years. Last year it was found by native road-makers, and in September, 1921, two chiefs were tried by their brother chiefs at Coomassie for having stolen it. The prisoners were found guilty, and the people demanded their heads and those of their wives and children. The Government, however, intervened, and finally the stool was restored to its rightful owners at Coomassie.

The other Ashanti stools illustrated on page 766 belong to an earlier time. Those in the possession of Lady Frederick Cavendish and Mrs. Hollams were given to them by the latter's brother, Sir Owen Lanyon, who brought them home after the Ashanti campaign of 1873-4.

The third stool illustrated is in the possession of Colonel W. T. Dooner, at Ditton Place, near Maidstone. "I am the only survivor but one," he writes, "of those who went out with Lord Wolseley in the steamship *Ambriz* in September 1873, and entered Coomassie with him, and I brought the stool back with me as a memento."

Of the fourth stool shown in our illustration, Lady Frederick Cavendish says: "It was presented to my father, Lord Lyttelton by a Welsh missionary, at least seventy years ago, and is still at Hagley Hall. My brother, Lord Cobham, has sent me the enclosed particulars: 'Size of stool, 31 in. high, 20 in. across the seat, 21 in. across the base. The wood is light-coloured, light in weight, but very strong. The description of the Royal stool is identical with that of mine.'"

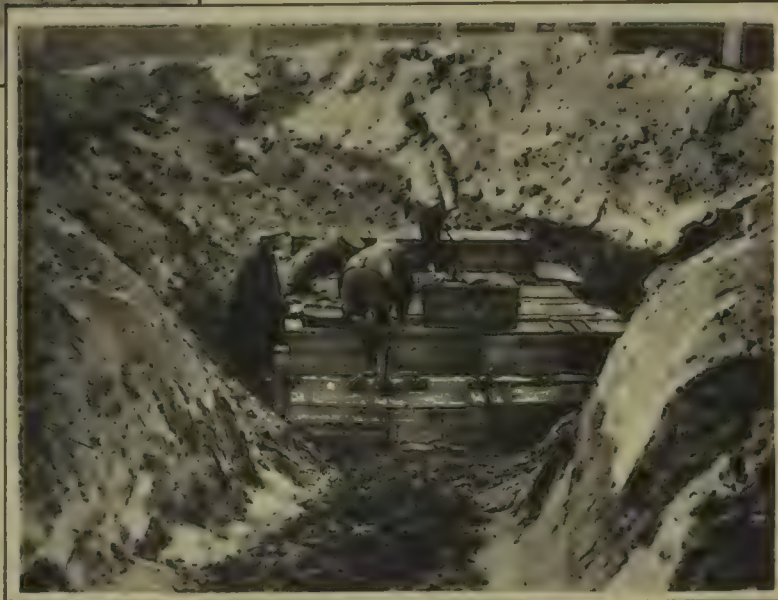


THE GREAT EXPERIMENTAL EXPLOSION IN HOLLAND: DR. SCHOUTE (KNEELING ON LEFT), OF THE NETHERLANDS METEOROLOGICAL INSTITUTE, PRESSING THE BUTTON.

Photograph by C.N.

their white Queen Mother, may she call us to mind."

The Golden Stool above referred to has made history. In 1898 the Government ordered it to be handed over as a penalty for the Ashanti War of



PREPARING THE BIG EXPLOSION AT OLDEBROEK: STACKING BOXES CONTAINING 5 TONS OF AMMONIUM PERCHLORATE IN A CRATER.

At 5.20 p.m. on October 28, at Oldebroek, in Holland, a charge of 5000 kilogrammes (nearly five tons) of ammonium perchlorate was detonated, in order to test the effect of weather on sound-travel. The experiment was organised by the Netherlands Meteorological Institute. The explosives were stacked in a crater 10 ft. deep, which, after the explosion, was 30 ft. deep. The explosion was recorded near Utrecht, 70 miles away, but not in Paris, nor, apparently, in London.—[Photo. C.N.]

An Example of Harrods Upholstery

The secret of the comfort and enduring service Harrods Upholstered Furniture affords lies in its all-through excellence. The things hidden from view—springs,

webs, stuffings, frames—are all of exactly the same thoroughly fine quality as the things which *can* be seen—the outer coverings and the details of finish

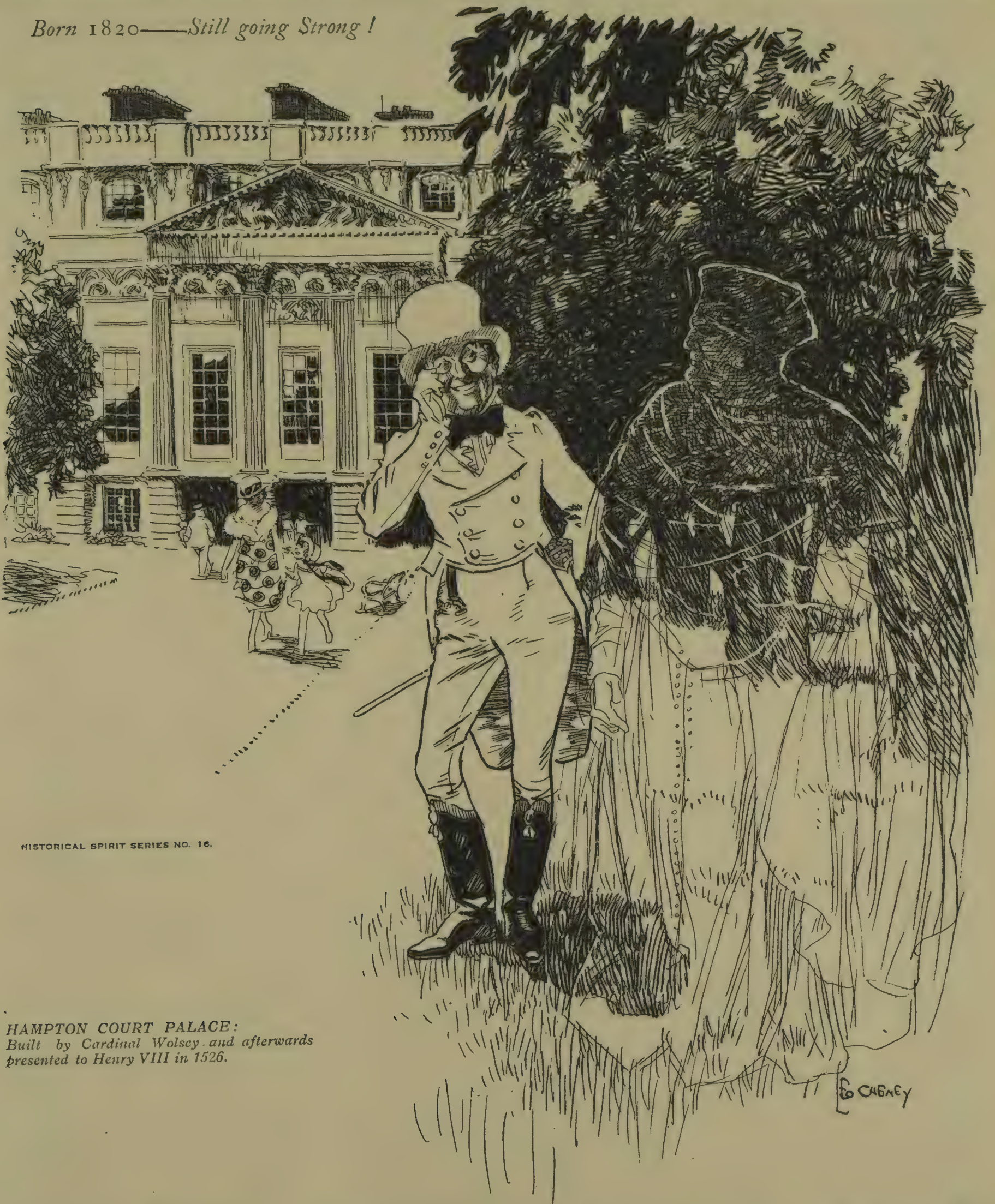


'TOWCESTER'

A Settee selected from Harrods range of quality Upholstered Furniture. Nothing but the very best material is used in the manufacture of this series, and no efforts have been spared to produce Easy Chairs and Settees with the greatest amount of comfort and with hard wearing propensities.

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HISTORICAL SPIRIT SERIES NO. 16.

HAMPTON COURT PALACE:
*Built by Cardinal Wolsey and afterwards
presented to Henry VIII in 1526.*

Johnnie Walker: “Greetings, your Eminence, you still love the old Palace of Hampton?”

Shade of Cardinal Wolsey: “The love of the old is what ensures your popularity.”



WITH THE NEWEST KIND OF SHOULDER-STRAPS.

These cami-knickers of lemon-coloured silk georgette trimmed with Malines lace have the added distinction of a new kind of shoulder-strap, and can be seen at Harvey Nichols.

THE Prince of Wales is learning no end of real hunting lore from the Duke of Beaufort and his son, the Marquess of Worcester, who, though young, is wonderfully knowledgeable where the working of hounds is concerned. Every member of the Badminton household knows more about hunting than almost any other people. The famous Badminton books and calendars make the mansion of the Dukes of Beaufort celebrated in the annals of sport the world over; so the family is admirable environment for a future Master, and I hear that the Prince would greatly like to be one. He undoubtedly enjoys hunting more than racing, and polo is his favourite game. I am told by experts that his riding has already improved both as to seat and hands for his short experiences in the "West Countree," and he is not troubled by too big fields, more than half of which would probably hunt him rather than the fox!

Everything possible is being done not to let dancing die down at all this winter. Its greatest lovers find that young men are not so enthusiastic about it as they used to be. A chaperon of my acquaintance, who has been unemployed, and without even the dole, for some time, says it is all because a man is supposed to be tied to one partner for a whole evening. She heard one youth say to another who was recommending him a dancing partner: "Dances jolly well? Of course she dances jolly well! But if she was Pavlova and Karsavina rolled into one, I'd like a change!" That is partly why young men are hard to bring to book for dancing. They prefer to be proprietors of programmes which they fill to suit themselves. The one-partner fashion is dying out, and private dances are coming in again, and my chaperon aforementioned says that hostesses will not have men who are paid partners at their houses.

There are fashions in gems as in other things, but whatever is in and whatever out, pearls are in for ever. They are such becoming gems, beautiful in themselves, and adding beauty to their wearers. Not all of us can buy, nor can our friends give us, pearls costing hundreds of pounds—or thousands. Exactly as beautiful gems are those to be found at 14 and 14a, New Bond Street, the atelier of the Sessel Pearls, which are in weight, tone, lustre and durability precisely the same as the gems produced by nature. Even experts, seeing the gems side by side, cannot tell which is which. Yet a Sessel pearl collier costs 4 guineas in D quality, and in A quality 15 guineas; this including an 18-carat gold clasp and threading. There are also reconstructed emeralds, diamonds, and rubies made up into rings, brooches, and other ornaments, from 6 guineas to 40 guineas—things of real beauty, which will bring delight when given as presents and always look splendid.

The burning of Antrim Castle must have caused much grief to its owners, Viscount and Viscountess Massereene and Ferrard. It is not so long ago that they had the fine old pile restored, modernised, made thoroughly livable in, and easy to work. All who know Lady Massereene and her artistic taste and



unfailing success in colour-scheming will realise that the interior, entirely redecorated under her personal superintendence, was delightful. The flames spread with great rapidity, and with difficulty the family and guests escaped; one poor maid, although rescued, succumbed to shock and smoke. Only some of the collection of fine furniture was saved. The Speaker's Chair of the last Irish Parliament prior to the Union, which had been preserved as a precious heirloom in the family, perished. The castle was built in 1662. Pictures by Lely, Kneller, and Gainsborough were destroyed. Lord Massereene is, on his mother's side, a grandson of Whyte-Melville, the celebrated sporting novelist. Lady Massereene is known here for her picturesque good looks and her artistry in dress, also for her readiness to help along good works. She is a daughter of the late Sir John Stirling Ainsworth. There are a son and a daughter. The fire seems to have originated in a faulty flue. There is great sympathy with Lord and Lady Massereene in Ulster, where the castle was regarded as a precious possession of the Province, and known as a specially beautiful and valued home.

The Motor Show was a favourite topic of conversation last week. What women want is a car that they can descend from with the grace and dignity that its handsome appearance demands. Said one vexed lady: "There is my car, which cost a cool two thousand, and when I get out of it I really feel like a 'donah' of the East End getting down from the family donkey-cart!" This was exaggeration, but there is a good deal in it. If one stands for a few minutes at a church door when a fashionable wedding is in progress, it will be seen that egress from many of the most imposing-looking cars is difficult to effect without loss of dignity. I have seen ladies get out backwards; I have seen them stick between a seat and the door; I have seen millinery unseated from a carefully arranged coiffure; I have, in fact, witnessed various *contretemps* with ladies leaving their cars. Getting in is different, but not entirely graceful either. It is a goat-like, head-foremost and scuttle-at-the-back sort of business. Our grandmothers, in their leisurely days, looked great ladies stepping down from their



OF PINK TRIPLE NINON.

Soft and alluring is this set of pale-pink triple ninon trimmed with Calais lace. The knickers are cut harem-fashion. Harvey Nichols is the creator.

landaus, barouches, victorias, and family coaches. To-day, women owners of cars have a kind of shake-into-shape on the pavement, to restore their dignity before facing their friends. The lowness of the tops of cars makes, I think, the chief difficulty of a graceful egress.

Furs are now quite general. They are beloved of ladies, not wholly on account of their cosy qualities, but because they are eminently becoming, and also—let us acknowledge what seems a purse-proud fact—because they give an opulent and covetable appearance. We may not care to break the Tenth Commandment ourselves, but most of us rather enjoy having it broken about us. It will be smashed to smithereens over the new models of the International

Fur Store, should we be lucky enough to acquire one of them. These have always been things of rare beauty, but this autumn they are richer and more beautiful than ever. I.F.S. is, to the women who know the ropes, a sign-manual of perfection in peltry, and of the very finest workmanship procurable in this round world of ours. The styles are more varied than usual this year, because more provision is made for shorter fur garments, deep scarves, shawl-like draperies of the finest fur, and walking capes and short coats. One economy about investments in fur is that they can be worn, and are worn, for day or evening. In cars there are fur rugs, so long fur coats are not there a necessity. They are, of course, for travelling and for extra severe cold such as we are told is coming. Also for race-meetings in the early year long fur coats are the only comfortable and handsome wear. Grey squirrel and natural musquash will be in special favour for long coats, the fur worked and the shapes giving long lines and fitting fairly closely. For smart wraps, sable, chinchilla, ermine, and silver-and-black or white fox will be favourites. Of all these, the International Fur Store has many examples, and that is the source to buy from, or to give from, if real value is to be acquired. Those who can suffer "almost fur" coats will not be attracted to the I.F.S., where such things are regarded as abysmal vulgarity.

How much women liked the late Father Bernard Vaughan! It certainly was not because he flattered our sex: few men have ever given us worse drubbings from the pulpit than he did. Personally the genial Father could never be anything but charming to a woman, and to him it mattered little whether the woman had rank and beauty or was endowed with neither. "Look at the Father," said a girl I knew one day in town. I looked, and there was this delightful priest helping an old and, to put it mildly, sadly soiled woman across the crowded street. She was pouring out Hibernian benisons, and he was standing with his hat off as if she were a queen commending him. To see him at a wedding breakfast after having performed the nuptial rite, and to hear him speak thereat, was to realise the happy humanity of the man. Handsome he was, as are all the Vaughans, but his were handsome ways, more endearing than handsome looks. I am not of his Church, but I admired him greatly. A. E. L.



THE EASTERN TOUCH FOR PYJAMAS.

Fuchsia-mauve charmeuse is used for these pyjamas, which have a decidedly exotic charm about them. The neck can be worn open or buttoned up. They come from Harvey Nichols.

The John Haig Clubland Series, No. 6.**The Apollo Club.**

HERE we see, in the early sixteen hundreds, the men of the Golden Age of Queen Elizabeth foregathered at the Apollo Club in the famous old tavern of "The Devil and St. Dunstan" in Fleet Street. "The Tribe of Ben," as it was called from the fact that Ben Jonson held autocratic sway, included Kit Marlowe, Nash, Grim and many other famous names. A typical story is told of the introduction of Randolph, who, fallen upon evil times, was anxious to raise funds and peeped into the room, when, in his scholar's threadbare habit, he was espied by "Rare Old Ben" and greeted with the words "John Bo-Peep, come in!" Immediately the others began to rhyme upon the meanness of his clothes and to call upon him in his turn for a verse. There being four of them he immediately replied:

"I, John Bo-Peep, to you four sheep
With each one his gold fleece
If that you are willing to give me five shilling
'Tis fifteen pence apiece."

"By——!" quoth Ben, "'tis my son Randolph," which being made known to the others, he was kindly entertained by them.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

ONCE UPON A TIME

ALL things are relative, even where giants are concerned. We cannot establish a standard by which all giants must be measured. On the contrary, our conception of a "giant" is of necessity unstable.



AN INSPIRING LANDMARK FOR SOUTH WALES: THE NEWLY UNVEILED GLAMORGAN YEOMANRY WAR MEMORIAL ON STALLING DOWN.

The Glamorgan Yeomanry War Memorial was unveiled on November 1 by the Earl of Plymouth, and dedicated by the Bishop of Llandaff. The obelisk stands on Stalling Down, a high moor near Cowbridge, and is visible far and wide. Over the tablet the inscription is the regimental crest.

Photograph by E. Aubrey Roberts.

is governed by our experience. We call a man of seven or eight feet high a giant, because he so vastly exceeds the normal height of the men we meet in the ordinary course of our daily life. A cart-horse is a giant as compared with a Shetland pony.

As we descend in the scale of life our giants grow less gigantic; but they may, nevertheless, be impressive. A case in point is furnished by a recently discovered fossil gastropod (*Dinocochlea ingens*) in the Wealden strata of Sussex. Mr. B. B. Woodward,

of the British Museum of Natural History, has shown that the several sections, when pieced together, represent a huge water-snail, seven feet three inches long! That these remains are really those of a mollusc there can now be no question, and that the creature was a water-snail leaves no room for doubt, for no land-snail could have held upright a spiral shell of over seven feet long.

But if we turn to the squids and cuttle-fish of our own times, we shall find that both these giants are outdone by the huge squids which occur now and again in the North Atlantic, as well as in Tropical seas, for these may attain a length of thirty feet! There is a specimen in the British Museum of Natural History, taken off the west coast of Ireland, measuring forty feet in length. Among bivalve mollusca the largest is the giant clam, which, when fully grown, weighs over five hundred pounds and measures four feet in length.

The "white cliffs of old England" are made up of the shells of Foraminifera—lowly animals so small that they can be seen only by the aid of the highest powers of the microscope. But in Cretaceous times there lived giants of their kind, measuring nearly two inches across their disc-like shells. They are known as Nummulites. In the Fayum to-day their dead bodies cover a vast area, and lie so thick that it is difficult to walk over them, owing to the slippery foothold the shells give.

It is a curious and noteworthy fact that in all the larger groups of the animal kingdom, both fossil and recent, one finds one or more giant forms; and one finds, too, that among extinct forms the race attained to giantism just before finally becoming extinct. The Pterodactyles, or "flying dragons," for example, are shown, by the records of the rocks, to have started with small species little or no bigger than a sparrow; the last of the tribe was a giant having a span across the wings of seventeen feet. The earliest mammals appeared in the form of tiny creatures little bigger than mice. Their giant descendants, among the land-dwellers, are the elephants; while the

aquatic members are the whales, of which the greatest of all is the colossal Sibbald's rorqual, which may attain to a length of over one hundred feet!

In discussing this matter of giants we must be careful to distinguish between what we call "normal" and pathological giants. In the former, "giantism" is a "specific character." That is to say, it is the normal climax of growth. Pathological giantism is practically confined to the human species. It is the outward and visible sign of an inward, invisible diseased condition of the body. But here we must be careful. A height of six-feet-six, or even seven feet, is in itself no indication of disease. It is but the outcome of an inherent—or rather, congenital—growth-variation. But over seven feet we invariably find evidence of a disease known as acromegaly, due to an enlargement of the pituitary gland, which has its seat in the base of the brain. In some mysterious way this gland controls growth. Its undue activity causes an excess of growth, accompanied by a diseased condition of the bones.—W. P. PYCRAFT.



AN AMERICAN GIFT TO THE CITY: A CORONATION PICTURE FOR THE GUILDHALL ART GALLERY—THE PRESENTATION CEREMONY.

A picture of the Coronation Luncheon at the Guildhall in 1911, begun by the late Mr. Bacon, A.R.A., and completed by Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, President of the Royal Society of British Artists, was formally handed over to the Lord Mayor, on November 2, at the Society's galleries in Suffolk Street, where it is now on view during the autumn exhibition. The picture is the gift of Mr. John Wanamaker, of New York, who at the Coronation Luncheon was the guest of the late Sir Vezey Strong, then Lord Mayor. Our photograph shows (left to right) Sir John Baddeley (now ex-Lord Mayor), Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, Sir Alfred Temple (Director of the Guildhall Art Gallery), Lady Strong (who made the presentation) and Lady Baddeley.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE SWEDISH BALLET.

THE Swedish Ballet, which is now performing at the Court Theatre, would probably have obtained a quicker appreciation on the part of English audiences if it had laid more emphasis on its Swedish character. Coming to England as it did about a year ago, after



DRESSED AS INDIAN GODS: BOYS AT THE ECLIPSE FESTIVAL AT THANESAR ON THE JUMNA.

the Russian Ballet had established a very firm footing, it did not make the mark which it deserved. In some of its items it was too original; in others not original enough. The Swedes have naturally learned a good deal from the Russians, and when they are obviously doing the same things as the Russians did they do not do them quite so well. "Chopin" is simply an imitation of "Les Sylphides." Any ballet in any opera-house has to fill up an evening every now and then with a *divertissement* on the nocturnes and waltzes. It is the line of least resistance. The movements are the technical exercises of every ballet school; Chopin's music is always agreeable to hear. Such an entertainment, if perfectly done, can be a thing of great beauty; it can also be a very tedious affair. The Swedes go through it with a reasonable amount of skill; but it is pleasant and nothing more. What pleases the audience at the Court Theatre more than anything else are the Swedish national dances. Those which I saw were danced by men only; and that was

an advantage, because the gentlemen of the Swedish Ballet are, on the whole, much better dancers than the ladies. Our own English morris-dances give an English audience a natural sympathy and understanding for dances of this type, so that we can see and enjoy the difference of national style. When the Swedish Ballet was in Berlin they danced some Swedish dances on a much larger scale; I hope they will give English audiences a chance of seeing them, for they were by far the most attractive and popular feature of their entertainment.

Yet it is intelligible that M. Jean Börlin, who is the principal dancer and the designer of the ballets, should not wish to lay too much stress on the dances of his own country. He is a man of original ideas, and he naturally desires to make the performance something more than a demonstration of folk-dancing. Of his three solo dances the most interesting is the "Siamese Heavenly Dance," to music by Jaap Kool, a Dutchman who has written a good deal on the subject of Oriental music and musical instruments. Another remarkable dance is the "Dervish Dance," in which M. Börlin makes a great effect with a long and heavily weighted skirt which stands out like a bell when he whirls round and round, and then wraps itself round him in severe folds when he comes to a sudden standstill.

The more important creations of M. Börlin are all suggested by pictures, and by pictures of somewhat unusual type. Painters and sculptors have at various times in the world's history represented human beings in terms of some convention or other which to the ordinary observer makes them look unnatural or even ridiculous. To the man in the street there is always something odd and either laughable or repellent about Egyptian art, Greek vase-painting, or mediæval

drawing; he will have the same sense of discomfort in the presence of Botticelli, El Greco, and many painters of the present day. M. Börlin likes to take ideas from painters such as those I have mentioned, and work them out in terms of actual movement. Some critics may say that this is a perverse form of art. For the painter's convention is not a representation of people either in movement or at rest, but a symbolical expression. When M. Nijinsky produced "L'Après-midi d'un Faune" with sideways movements that gave the impression of figures from Greek vases, he was taken to task by archaeologists, because the conventional system of representing dancers in art did not mean that the actual dancers of those days always stood in those positions. If a cinematograph film could have been made of an actual Greek dance, it would have been quite a different thing from the vase-painter's drawing, just as painters in later times never painted horses in the actual positions which the camera shows them to adopt when moving quickly.



SITTING ON A BED OF NAILS: HINDU HOLY MEN AT THE ECLIPSE FESTIVAL AT THANESAR.

Describing these photographs, the correspondent who sends them writes: "For the first time since 1914 the Eclipse Festival, or Hindu Bathing Fair, was held last month at the sacred tanks of Thanesar on the River Jumna. During an eclipse, all Hindus hope to bathe there to gain merit."—[Photographs by Topical.]

The natural process would be for the dancer to start from natural human movements and make them ordered and beautiful: the painter, if he so chose, might paint a picture of them and express his general

[Continued overleaf.]

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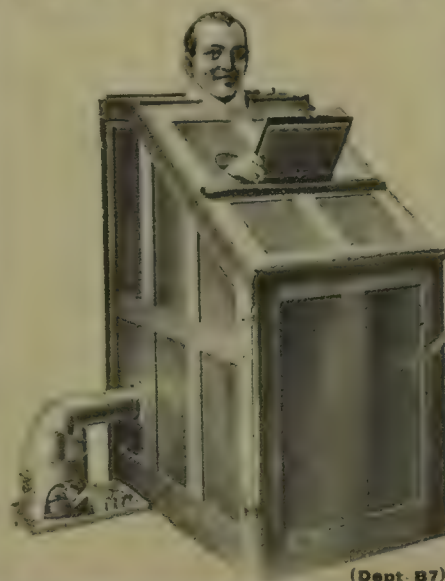
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(Continued.) sense of their movements in a convention of his own. Nevertheless, M. Börlin's interpretations of pictures, whether artistically logical or not, are extremely interesting, and the fascinating effect of them on the stage is their complete justification. The only thing that can be adduced against them, from the average spectator's point of view, is that they presuppose a certain familiarity with the pictures from which they are taken.

One of the most attractive of M. Börlin's ballets is "The Foolish Virgins." People who went to see it expecting an interpretation of a Bible story suitable for an old-fashioned Sunday afternoon might be somewhat taken aback—except that people who started from this point of view would probably stay away from the theatre altogether. For what the ballet really represents is not the Bible story, but the old Swedish tapestries of the eighteenth century. These tapestries may be seen in the museum at Stockholm, but they will be quite unfamiliar to English people.



THE MARRIAGE OF MR. HAROLD TALBOT AND MISS MARION PICKLES: BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM IN A WEDDING GROUP.

Mr. Harold Talbot, A.R.E.Sc., B.Sc., is the General Manager of the Welsbach Light Company, Ltd. His wedding to Miss Marion A. Pickles, of Whipps Cross Hospital, Leytonstone, took place at St. John the Baptist Church, Leytonstone.

M. Börlin has wisely had the ballet set to old Swedish traditional music, and, even if that is unfamiliar to us, it does at least set us at once in the right frame of mind for enjoying the ballet. It is a

tapestry come to life. That, by the way, is no new idea, for Purcell and Betterton did the same thing in "Diocletian." One scene represented a room hung with tapestries, and at a certain moment the figures came out of the tapestries and danced.

If "The Foolish Virgins" is the most attractive of the Swedish ballets, certainly the most impressive is "El Greco." This, again, is an attempt to bring pictures to life. "El Greco" is so much the fashionable painter of the day that I must not insult my readers by telling them who he was or when and where he lived. But, although he is represented in the National Gallery, he is not very well known to those people who like pictures but do not bother much about reading art-criticism: and the actual pictures on which M. Börlin's ballet is based are all in Spain. The programme prints the story of the ballet, but it would be difficult to discover it from the ballet itself. An excitable young man wearing very few clothes

meets a funeral procession. The corpse, which is dressed, not in a shroud, but in the full Spanish costume of the day, is lifted up almost by the scruff of its neck and shown to the audience. How are we to know that it is the body of the young man's brother, who has been struck by lightning as a punishment for blasphemy? Perhaps one ought to be able to deduce these facts from M. Ingelbrecht's music. It is certainly very poignant and expressive. The underlying reason of all these happenings is that one of El Greco's most famous pictures represents the funeral of a young man conducted by St. Stephen and St. Augustine, who came down miraculously from Heaven on purpose to bury him; and the painter represents them holding the limp and coffinless body between them, probably in order that he might paint the young man as a portrait, the whole picture being full of portraits. St. Stephen and St. Augustine do not take part in the

Swedish ballet, but every figure on the stage, every group, every attitude is taken from some picture by El Greco. The actual story is of very little importance. The ballet—and it would seem strange



TAKING THE PRESIDENT OF PORTUGAL BACK FROM BRAZIL: THE R.M.S.P. "ARLANZA" (ON THE LEFT) LEAVING RIO DE JANEIRO FOR LISBON.

The President of Portugal, who visited Rio de Janeiro for the opening of the Brazil Centenary Exhibition, returned to Lisbon in the R.M.S.P. "Arlanza."

to call it by so worldly a name were it not for the fact that Spain still preserves the dance as a part of religious ceremony—is a singularly beautiful and dignified work of art. It really does convey the impression that El Greco's figures have stepped down from their canvases and come to life.

Another of the Swedish ballets which I hope will be shown in London is "The Skating Rink." This is also suggested by paintings, but by paintings of a quite modern type. It represents a skating rink in Paris, frequented by various people of humble life. Here again M. Börlin takes a painter's convention which to many ordinary people seems odd and unnatural, and carries it out in actual movement. The idea of skating is ingeniously suggested by the attitudes of the figures. Ballets of this type have a peculiar fascination. They appeal most effectively to people who have some acquaintance with the original paintings; but they are also an interesting commentary on them, and those who have seen and enjoyed the ballets may even feel, when they go back to look at the paintings again, that the Swedish dancers have thrown new light upon them. EDWARD J. DENT.

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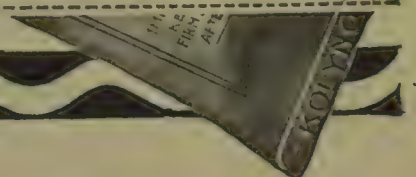
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

AT the time of the Show one always wishes that unlimited space could be allotted for the description of and comment upon all that impresses one as being of interest. This year, in particular, I could wish that I had greater space to devote to the exhibits at the White City, where much that is of superlative interest is to be seen. I really think that, of the two sections of the exhibition, there is more that is new, and particularly more that combines the unconventional with the really good, at Shepherd's Bush than there is at the undoubtedly more popular show building at Kensington. However, by this time the visitor will have discovered this for himself, unless he is merely a sight-seer who desires to be in the vogue and to be able to say that he is really in the swim and has been to the Motor Show. I will proceed now to a few notes on some of the more deserving exhibits to which I was unable to refer last week.

Delage
(Stand No. 267,
Olympia).

Undoubtedly
one of the
best cars that
comes to us

from France is the Delage. It was so long before the war, as I have good reason to know, for I drove the 10-h.p. and 12-h.p. Delage cars in many a long-distance trial and competition, and thus learned what a really excellent car it was then. Delage was one of the first to build a small "Six" in the shape of a 15'9, which was becoming very popular at the time of the outbreak of war. In a way I am sorry that this model has been dropped in favour of a larger car of 23'8-h.p. rating. This model is certainly high in price; but, if there is any car of the type which is worth it, it is the Delage. This car is no stranger now, as it was introduced almost immediately after the war, and thus I need not describe it in detail. At Olympia this year is shown a new 11-h.p. Delage which is really of 12'8 rating, and looks to me like very nearly, if not quite, the best of its class. It is remarkably well and cleanly designed, with real accessibility as its keynote. In fact, it is one of the few cars about which one can say that there seems to be no detail which could be altered with advantage.

There is every refinement known to modern automobile practice that one can imagine, including front-wheel brakes of the Perrot type. It is certainly an outstanding production which ought on no account to be missed by any who may be interested in cars of this power and type.

**Barker Bodies (Stand
No. 392, Olympia).**

Of course, Messrs. Barker are showing specimens of

The name of Barker is associated with all that is best in the art of the coach-builder.



WITH A BARKER BODY: A HANDSOME ROLLS-ROYCE CAR SHOWN AT OLYMPIA

their work on their own stand at Olympia. This exhibit comprises a new brougham limousine with semi-dome roof on a Rolls-Royce chassis. Severely plain in finish, this quite remarkable car is painted all black with plain drab cloth upholstery. Another car, also a Rolls-Royce, is an enclosed cabriolet, similar to the one built for H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, exhibited at last year's Show. This car is painted in dark-red and black, and is upholstered in fawn suede calf-skin, the bonnet and scuttle being of polished aluminium. It is equipped with Barker dipping head-lamps. In addition to this exhibit, Barker bodies are to be seen on the Rolls-Royce stand, also on those of Crossley, Delage, Packard, and Hispano Suiza, both at Olympia and the White City.

Avon Tyres
(Stand No. 528,
Olympia).

A tyre of which I like the look very much is the new Avon "Duroolith" cord cover. The design of the tread is such that it appears to me likely to prove one of the most efficient anti-skid tyres in the Show. It is of beaded-edge type, and the makers claim that every tyre is fully up to the marked size—that is to say, it is virtually an over-size tyre. Although I have described this as a cord tyre, it is made also with a fabric-casing, selling at a slightly lower price than that of cord construction. In addition to this new "Duroolith" tyre, a number of other patterns are shown, such as the "Sunstone," which has so well maintained Avon reputation over a very long time. There are also to be seen the hundred-and-one specialties which go to make up the sum of one's tyre comfort when touring.

Champion
(Stand No. 236,
White City).

All the satisfaction to be obtained from the possession of a good car can be heavily discounted by the use of accessories which are poor. I do not know of any detail which can so badly let one down as a "dud" set of sparking-plugs. I have experienced this in full measure, and, curiously, since the war I think I have suffered more from elusive trouble entirely due to defects in this most essential

detail. It is obviously of no use to have one's car fitted with the most expensive and up-to-date means of generating ignition current if it is going to fail at the point of delivery. I usually set about the purchase of my motoring equipment with at least half an eye to economy; but there is one direction, almost above all others, in which cost does not operate and only the best is good enough—that is, my plugs. For instance, a plug like the Champion appeals to me very much, and I think, if the visitor will call at the Champion stand and see what this plug will do, he will be equally impressed.

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[Continued overleaf.]



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TELEGRAMS
"STRATSTONE, LONDON"

(Continued.)

plug being driven by a series of sledge-hammer blows into a block of lead right down to the shoulder without breaking! Surely a searching test of strength and efficiency. Yet, if this still leaves the visitor unconvinced, the Champion Company have devised



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This novel mascot is made by Messrs. Serck Radiators, Ltd., of Coventry.

another demonstration known as the "drop test." The plug is placed with the porcelain insulator exposed to the impact of what appears to be a miniature steam-hammer. To watch an apparently fragile piece of mechanism stand up to this terrific pounding without even cracking is an experience in itself. This is enough to concentrate one's interest and then to lead on to other points. In these days of poor petrol and consequent difficulty in starting, an interesting Champion idea is the priming plug, which allows petrol to be injected just where it is required.—W. W.

WHERE GREEKS ONCE RULED IN INDIA.

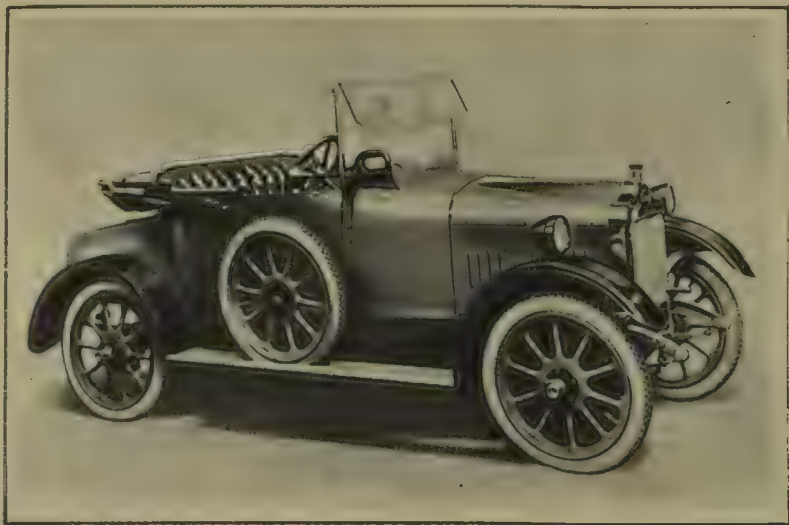
(Continued from Page 754.)

of the front porch are of Ionic design, though not fluted, and they are constructed in all respects like those in Greece or Western Asia. It is not unlikely that this is the temple described by Philostratus where Apollonius and his companion Damis awaited the permission of the Parthian King to enter the city, and where they saw hanging on the walls of the shrine the brazen tablets portraying the battles of Porus and Alexander.

The other monuments unearthed are chiefly Buddhist, and comprise the finest and most richly decorated examples of monasteries and stupas yet discovered in the Panjab. Most imposing among them is the great Stupa of the Royal Law (see p. 756), originally erected in the first century B.C., but greatly added to and embellished in the course of the five centuries following. Thanks to this, it affords exceptional opportunities for the study of early building construction, and has made it possible to determine the dates of many monuments hitherto unknown. Here, amid the many shrines and chapels grouped round the central edifice, were found a multitude of images, carvings, votive offerings, and other objects, besides several body relics enshrined in stupas, to which the greatest sanctity attaches in the eyes of the Buddhists. Still better preserved and still richer in treasures, though smaller in themselves, are the monuments at Mohra-Moradu and Jaulian; for not only were they in more sheltered positions, but many of them had only just been erected and others but newly repaired and redecorated, when they were overtaken (in the fifth century A.D.) by the catastrophe which resulted in their burial. Specially remarkable on these sites are the innumerable sculptures in relief which still adorn the walls, and among which are many admirable examples of the Græco-Buddhist School during the period of its decline, when it was merging into the Gupta style of Hindustan. The majority of these reliefs are of stucco, but there are a few also

(and these are unique in India) of clay, for, though clay was commonly used for such reliefs in the old days, it is a very perishable material, and it is only to the fact that these monasteries were burnt out by the White Huns that we owe the fortunate preservation of these reliefs, which were converted by the heat of the flames into terra-cotta. In the clay group reproduced on page 758, the figure of the bearded donor—a foreigner with Persian cap, jewelled belt, and laced leggings—is strikingly well modelled; but it is amusing to observe the relatively small scale on which his wife—standing beside him—is portrayed. In those days the spirit of the Suffragette had not yet asserted itself!

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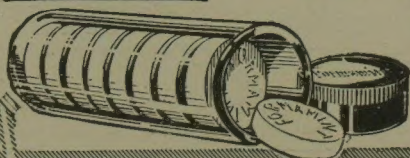
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

THE LION-GREIN REVIVAL OF "MID-CHANNEL."

IT is the superb acting of Miss Irene Vanbrugh in her old part of Zoe Blundell that will ensure success for the revival of "Mid-Channel" as starting point of Messrs. Leon M. Lion and J. T. Grein's cycle of Pinero drama at the Royalty. The play itself wears none too well, and makes one's original enthusiasm over it seem extravagant. For one thing, that sample of a now extinct stage-type, the elderly *raisonneur* in the person of Peter Mottram, proves ineffably tedious; we resent his interference in his friend's sex-troubles, his stilted and impertinent passages of advice, his portentous parables and platitudes. How could we have stood him thirteen years ago? Things are not improved by Mr. Lion taking over the rôle himself—it is a miscast. Nor is Mottram the only character in the piece that stirs our impatience. What a shoddy trio it is in the old triangular arrangement on whom Sir Arthur Pinero has expended so much clever stage-craft! Zoe's young lover is little better than a cad; and she and her husband not only fray each other's nerves, but also those of their audience, in their vulgar explosions of temper. As for Zoe herself—who can take her at her own, and seemingly also her author's, valuation? Who can believe that she had any real passion for children, or would have been any less selfish or less a creature of her appetites as a mother—this "Frou-Frou" piece of frivolity who tells her husband she has thrown herself away on him, and gets into a violent rage with him, because the hotel to which he is taking her in Paris is not the most expensive possible? Thus her fate would leave us cold to-day but for the marvellous sincerity of feeling, the

charm, the exquisite virtuosity Miss Irene Vanbrugh puts into her acting. In comedy there is no one to touch her on the stage to-day, and she is just as much a model for our younger actresses in the handling of emotion, so natural, so sure, so varied is her technique. Two performances in this production are worthy of association with hers: it is difficult to see how either Mr. Scott Sunderland as Zoe's husband or Mr. Martin Lewis as lover could better their work.

MR. CONRAD'S "SECRET AGENT," AT THE AMBASSADORS.

We all love Mr. Joseph Conrad as novelist; we should love to see him conquer fresh renown as a playwright. But it is not to be—at least, yet awhile. In the case of "The Secret Agent" he has tried acting as his own adapter, and the result is no more successful, alas! than other's persons' adaptations of his novels. What, if one may speak with all deference, Mr. Conrad has not learnt yet in respect of the theatre is that no dialogue is relevant there which does not help on the action; that it is wasteful to introduce characters which are soon to be dropped out of the scheme; that vital relations between leading figures in a play ought never to be left unexplained through whole acts of its progress; and that a dramatic scene is always more effective when acted out before playgoers than described at second-hand in retrospect. Mr. Conrad's story, of course, deals with anarchism in the back streets of London, and describes the tragic grief of a woman whose anarchist husband sends to his death her harmless, half-witted brother to whom she is devoted, and the vengeance she takes. A telling play might have been made out of such material, but only by an artist who understood, as Mr. Conrad does not yet, that the

technique of the novelist and that of the playwright are totally dissimilar things. Unsatisfactory, however, as is the piece, it gives Miss Miriam Lewes some fine moments towards the end in the character of the distraught heroine; and Mr. Russell Thorndike has some Grand Guignol spasms in the part of the cowardly agent.

"THE CAT AND THE CANARY," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

The new American mystery-play, "The Cat and the Canary," makes a deliberate attack on the playgoer's nerves; it aims at and succeeds in creating an atmosphere of fear. Lights go up and down in the approved "crook drama" fashion; book-cases yawn open and suddenly close on a live person they have snatched up; skinny claws appear from nowhere and carry off a valuable necklace; a girl is shown driven almost to madness and yet just maintaining her mental equilibrium; a man in a perpetual panic accomplishes prodigies of courage. The audience, in fact, is offered a succession of thrills, and, since those who see Mr. John Willard's mystery are specially asked not to give away his secret, it is only possible to indicate its character by such details as those given above. But playgoers know what they want, and it will not take them long to decide if "The Cat and the Canary" will suit their tastes. Those who liked "The Bat" will like this Shaftesbury play just as well, and, indeed, it ought to have just as big a vogue. Mr. Frank Denton provides some really remarkable acting as the coward who is brave in spite of himself; and Miss Mary Glynn, in the rôle of the girl whose sanity is put to so severe a test, is as charming as she is intelligent. Other members of the cast are Miss Esmé Beringer and Miss Auriol Lee.

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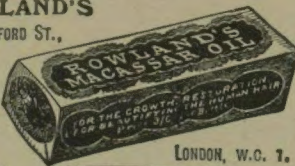
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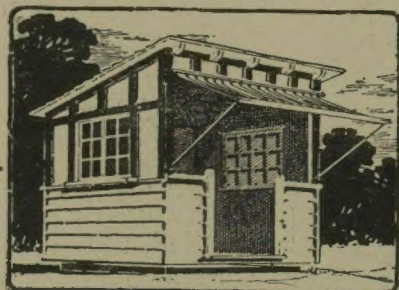
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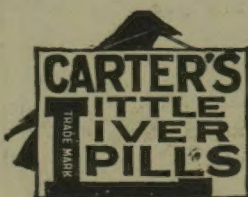
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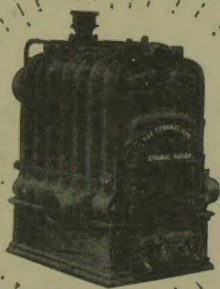
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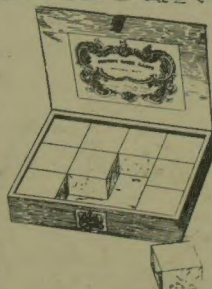
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